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The BYSTANDER

No. 453.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 7, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

A PRETTY ANGLO-AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT

A charming portrait of Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, whose husband is heir to his brother, the Duke of Roxburghe. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese of New York, and was married in 1907

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

The Premier and Canada

I DO not, at the moment of writing, know whether Mr. Asquith's heart is still hardened that he will not let himself go to Canada, and whether the only Minister for whom Quebec is to be allowed to rejoice itself is not to be Mr. Churchill. If Mr. Asquith doesn't go, he will probably be accused by some people of a churlish disregard of the duties of Empire. In this we shall not join. We think that if a member of the present Ministry does think of spending the recess in Great Britain that desire is to be encouraged. This Government has been a bit too gadabout to suit our insular prejudice, and on more than one occasion a serious crisis has arisen to find no Cabinet at home to deal with it, or, at all events, only Mr. Lloyd George. Also, when Ministers have returned, they have too often come back, their pockets bulging with foreign-made plans for our regeneration which we can all get along very well without.

* * *

Some Fears

FOR the life of me I do not see why Mr. Asquith should go to Canada to hear what Mr. Borden's Government has to say about Imperial defence. There is the electric telegraph; also Marconi, or, failing either, there is the Imperial penny post. If Mr. Borden's voice is so musical that the British Premier must hear his Ottawa speech for himself, there is the Edison phonograph. Another thought. The Suffragettes. Mr. Asquith on the high seas, who knows but that they may not take it into their heads to man (I mean woman) a destroyer and hold him at their mercy in mid-Atlantic while he pledges himself to make the Conciliation Bill the first measure of the autumn Session? To suggest that a destroyer would not be easily obtainable for the purpose of embarrassing a British Minister is to show little knowledge of German craft and cunning.

DE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Coon Winston: "Guess dey's thinkin' ob me, and wouldn't dey just like me to go back and live with dem"

(There have been persistent reports of an intention on Mr. Churchill's part sooner or later to rejoin the Unionist party)

BY E. T. REED

Blenheim Heroics

MR. LAW found it necessary to repeat his fiery words at Blenheim in the House of Commons, adding that he had received no hint that they were not endorsed by any of his party. The fact remains that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were not present at Blenheim; and it has also to be borne in mind that neither statesman has, in speech or writing, associated himself with the extreme Ulster movement. Their silence will impress the rank and file of the party no less than Mr. Law's speech. It is impossible, as we have remarked before, to get it out of our stupid heads that, during the Veto Conference, half the Unionist Press were agitating for some concession to Irish desire for self-government, and what was half-good then cannot now be doubly bad.

* * *

No Policy?

THE complete failure of the present leadership to press forward the Federal solution, and the harping only on the Ulster string, gives the impression that the Opposition lacks a policy on this question. At the time of Mr. Balfour's retirement we pointed out that he alone seemed to have a definite alternative in his mind to Home Rule.

* * *

What It All Means

I WONDER how many people have a prophetic idea of exactly what *will* happen in this terrible Ulster? It is clear that mere bottle-throwing in Belfast is not likely to stay the hand of the Government, nor could it prevent the assemblage of a Parliament, in due course, on College Green. The rebellion, to have the smallest effect, must be a military one. Ulster must mobilise an army strong enough to be able to defend the province against coercion by the rest of Ireland, and even to march on and capture Dublin itself. That means Civil War in reality. Are the Unionist leaders really determined to bring that about? If so, they must be prepared with money

"Three Fishers"—By E. T. Reed

and with arms, and with men. They realise, of course, that *failure* in such a rebellion means disgrace and exclusion from office for the rest of their lives. It is the one offence the British elector will not pardon them, and if Mr. Law and Sir E. Carson have the slightest doubt as to their success, would it not be well to return to "peaceful persuasion" before it is too late? The Bill need not become law for over two years, suppose the Lords reject it under the Parliament Act. Surely and to goodness, during that time, it will be possible to smash by orderly means a Cabinet that is known to be at sixes and sevens, which is "out" with Labour, losing by-elections, and, thanks to the Insurance Act, thoroughly unpopular with the masses?

* * *

Dignity in Distress

THE non-militant Suffragists are in a great state (quite a quiet one, of course) over the fact that the Press do not report all the respectable things that are said for the Cause by the Nice Quiet People. How, it is asked, can we be surprised at Militancy when Non-Militancy is not even reported? There is force in the argument. The ladies must, however, remember that the man-made Press is very, very human (that is, man-like). Editors have been led to look on the Suffrage as, at regular intervals, "good for" leaded columns and headlines. To think of it as short, single-headed, small-type, back-page stuff, is apt not to occur to them. The lioness is not regarded as interesting when she roars like a sucking-dove. So non-militancy does not get reported. Before any change is made in the attitude of the Press, the Suffragists will have to give us a Great White Silence, in which the still small voice of "constitutionalism" can be heard. It has no chance whatever while Pandemonium reigns.

LAW'S LUCK

Brother Bonar *(from the rival Monastery)*: "Now that their lines are in this glorious tangle, I see my way to landing a few more useful fish!"

* * *

London in August

THE inevitable articles on how to amuse oneself in London during August begin to make their appearance. These are, I imagine, written by persons who never on any account stay in the capital during the holiday month, and who consequently lack the true point of vision. The charm of London in August is the rest it affords from amusement. London is, officially, doing nothing, therefore one does as London does. The true August Londoner does not want to be told that there are music-halls, the exhibitions, and—the Crystal Palace. He has "done" all these things in their due season. He wants to be left doing nothing. It is the time when accident might find him anywhere—in one of the parks, on a river steamer, inside St. Paul's, in the Abbey, or the National Gallery—but design nowhere. You might meet anybody, but by chance, never by choice. London in August is a No Man's Paradise. (We go away ourselves in September. Hence this forced optimism.)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" ROBERT HALE, IDA CRISPI, FARREN SOUTAR, etc., in "THE WATER NYMPH," LYDIA KYASHT, THE THREE RUBES, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production, "THE SUNSHINE GIRL," a Musical Play in Two Acts. Box Office open 10 to 10.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9. MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces "AT THE BARN," by ANTHONY P. WHARTON. At 8.20, "LITTLE RED SHOES," by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. MATINÉES, Weds. and Sats. (both plays), at 2.20.

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The Seaside Holiday Still Popular

THOUGH PADDLING MAY BE, AND PROBABLY IS, MERELY A MEANS OF CATCHING COLD—

The Seaside Season

THE sea continues to attract the British public as a desirable adjunct to the annual summer holiday. Its wetness and its spaciousness lose none of their charm with the passing of the years, and to bathe and paddle in it, to dig on its adjacent sands, continue to be regarded as the ideal occupation for the August of the town-child. Cranks may prose their heads off as to the evil effects of the exposure of the nearly naked body to the angry blast, and may deride till they are hoarse the fallacy of "ozone." Others may urge that the country, mountains, or moors are more health-giving as holiday resorts, and that cheaper and better accommodation, also a greater variety

—AND THE BATHING MACHINE IS THE STUPIDEST DEVICE EVER THOUGHT OF OUTSIDE BEDLAM, WHILE—

—SITTING IN THE WET SEA IS A MOST UNDIGNIFIED AND UNHEALTHY PASTIME FOR ELDERLY MEN AND WOMEN—

The British public will continue to go to the seaside in August so long as the sea has a side left to go to

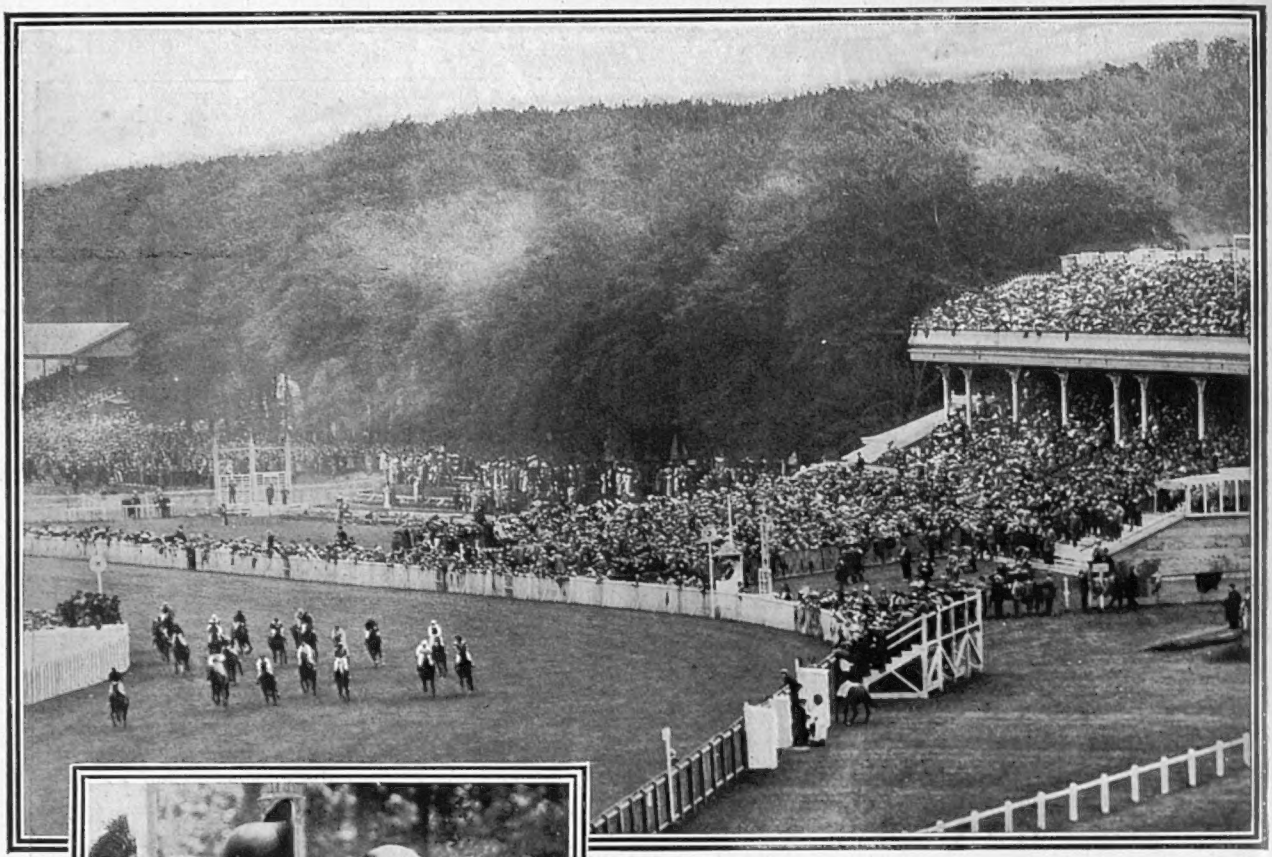
of outdoor exercise, may be enjoyed away from, than adjacent to, the sea. Bathing-machines may be ridiculed as British ineptitude on wheels, piers as stupidity on piles, and pierrots as inanity incarnate. It will not matter. People will continue to go to the seaside in August. And is it not, after all, for the best? Are they *wanted* on those moors and mountains?

* * *

For This Relief——

FROM the point of view of the superior person, the seaside is to be thanked inasmuch as it attracts to the littoral all those who are best kept away from inland beauty-spots.

A None-Too-Glorious Goodwood



THE FINISH OF THE RACE FOR THE CUP

The meeting was favoured, on the whole, with exceptionally bad weather When it was not raining, the wind was blowing

THE KING AT GOODWOOD

Social Goodwood

FROM the social standpoint the Goodwood meeting, in spite of the absence of the Queen, may be regarded as a success. The majority of people worth counting in the racing world were there, though I did not catch sight of Lord Rosebery; and Mr. "Leo" de Rothschild, whose brilliant colt, Day Comet, showed smart form at the meeting, was absent on the Continent. The Cup Day was, as usual, the culminating point of the meeting, and the weather showed a great improvement upon that experienced earlier in the week. For a change we had a day without rain, but there were not many smart frocks to be seen. In fact, Goodwood is not a dressy meeting at the best of times.

* * *

A Royal Truant

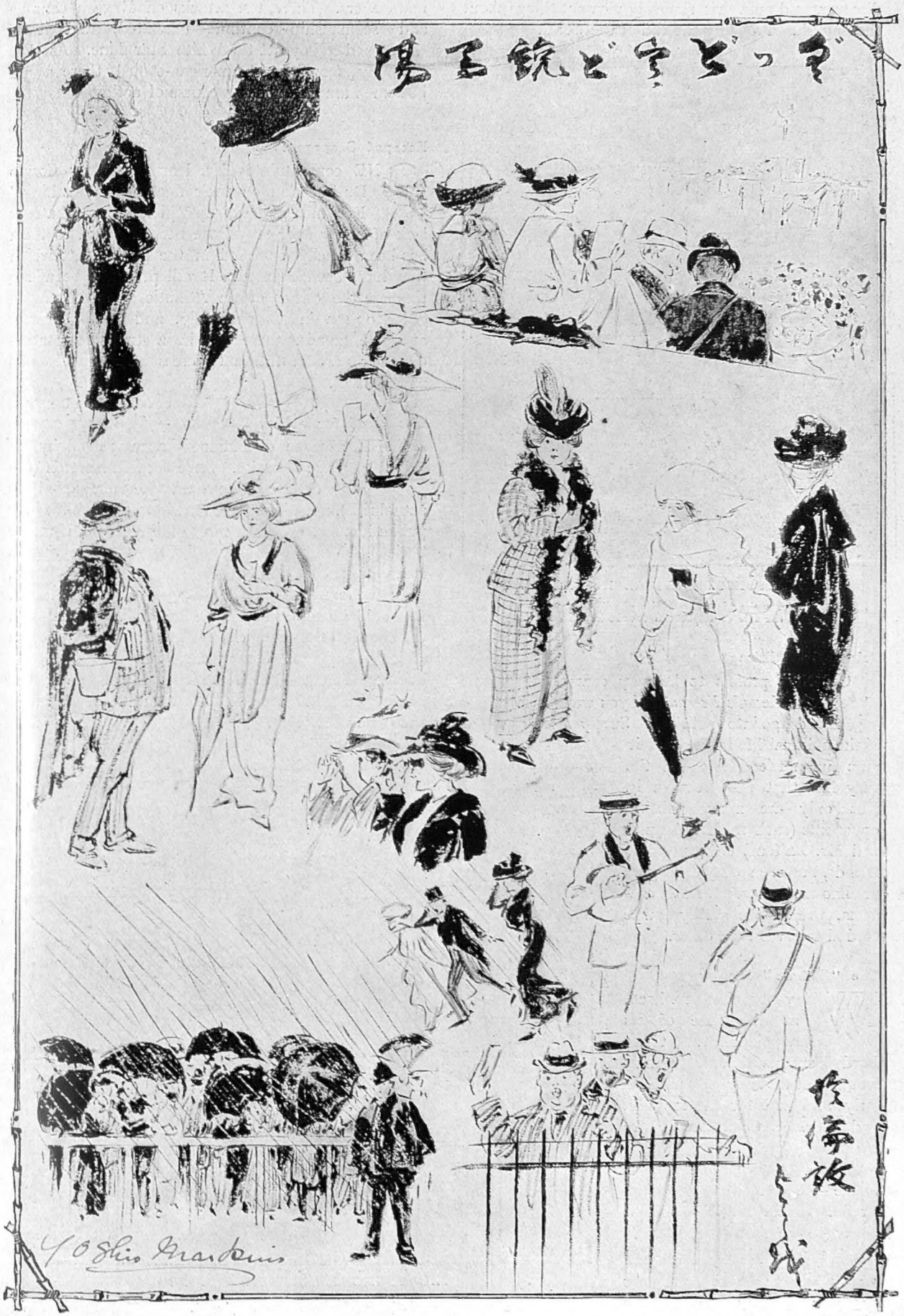
HIS Majesty was not so desperately interested in the racing that he was unable to slip away early on Wednesday, motoring to Midhurst in order to look over the sanatorium in which his father was so greatly concerned, it having been at King Edward's suggestion that the splendid institution came into being as the result of Sir Ernest Cassel's munificence. I may mention that most people were of the opinion that the Stewards of the Jockey Club were a bit severe on F. Wootton in suspending that brilliant jockey for a month for what was surely not a very heinous offence.

* * *

The Gallic Cock-a-Whoop

THE *Journal des Débats* is pleased that France has seen the Prince of Wales because it is pleased that the Prince of Wales has seen France. In taking farewell of its visitor, it takes also the chance of singing a little song of national self-praise. "The French are good people, hard-working, faithful to their word, firm in their friendship, respectful of the independence of others, and ready for any sacrifice to safeguard their own." I wonder what will

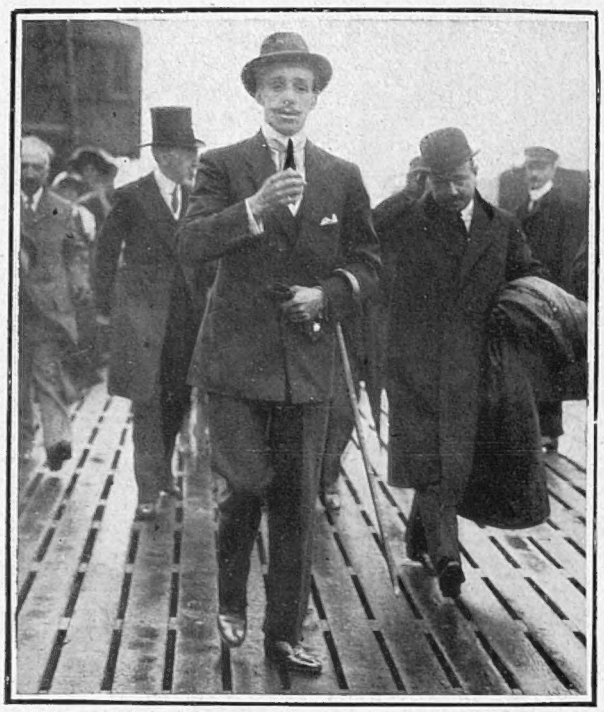
Goodwood In Japanese Eyes



Impressions at last week's great Sussex gathering, made specially for "The Bystander" by Mr. Yoshio Markino, the celebrated Japanese sketch artist now in London

Snapshots of Royal Personages

happen when, one of these days, an English journal discovers and publishes similarly pleasant things about the English. Probably the end of the world.



KING ALFONSO'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

English people, welcoming his Majesty, will hope that his stay in the Isle of Wight will benefit his health

Friends in Politics

I CANNOT profess to be very enamoured of Sir George Kemp's *dictum*, "If you want to lose your friends, go into politics." Surely the greatness of the political life is the test it puts upon friendships and the very fact that they survive it. Not only are many political opponents (such as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour) close personal friends, but even party colleagues are known, on non-political occasions, to be outwardly quite cordial towards each other.

* *
*

The "Titanic" Inquiry

WE ventured to prophecy, at the time of its appointment, that Lord Mersey's *Titanic* Inquiry would not find anybody particularly to blame for the tragedy, and in that anticipation we are well justified. Nobody is found to blame because nobody *is* to blame — except the Board of Trade, which, having no soul either to be saved or damned, can bear anything. On the whole, our Press has accepted the findings with characteristic docility, and those who have strong feelings against anybody will need to look for their reflection in the New York newspapers. There, the attacks on English courage and seamanship continue unabated, and it is threatened to boycott the White Star Line. As that company is so largely American-owned, there would be some humour in such a course of action.

* *
*

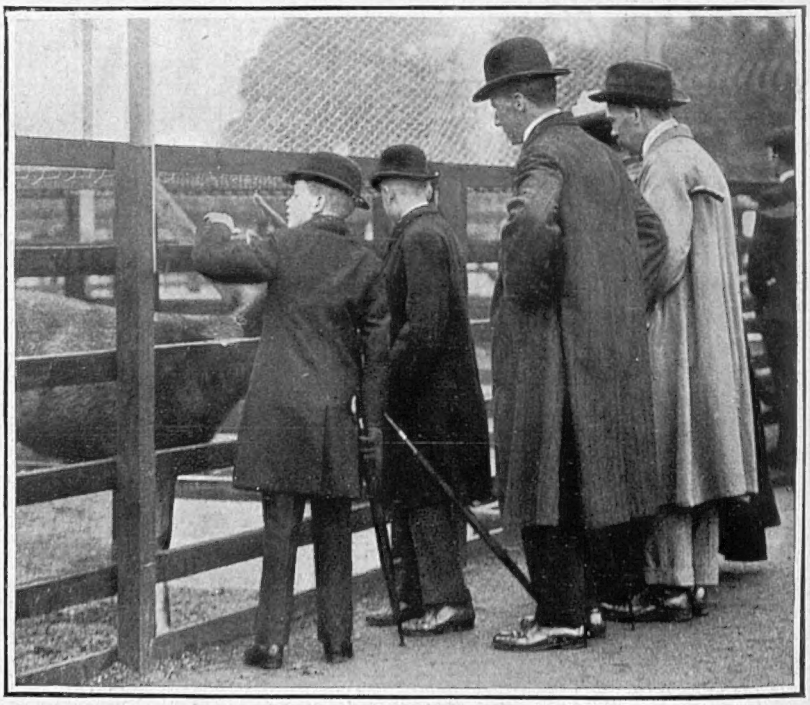
Escaped Scapegoats

ONE congratulates Mr. Ismay and Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon on their final "whitewashing." Fair men and women will feel that whatever lack of *savoir faire* may have been imputed to them has been cruelly punished in the publicity to which they have been exposed. It will probably be a long time ere the owner of an Atlantic liner ever again goes to sea in his own ship, and as for bearers of noble names, there will be a strong temptation on their part in future to cross as plain Smiths and Joneses.

* *
*

The Need for a Moral Inquiry

THE absence of blame is accompanied by an absence of praise. Save Captain Rostron (the duty done by whom was unaccompanied by actual risk), nobody is proclaimed to have qualified for public honour, or the medal of the Royal Humane Society. While the physical fitness of the race is receiving such attention by Eugenists and others, there is room for a little inquiry into its moral fitness. It would be a good thing to know how we stand in that respect before we plunge into war with a people which is supposed to enjoy such virtuous superiority as the Germans—unless, of course, another *Titanic* disaster should serve to prove things to be much the same with them.



THE YOUNG PRINCES AT THE ZOO

Prince John and Prince George went to (we beg pardon, visited) the Zoo last week and looked at (that is to say "inspected") the animals therein. They were pleased to manifest an interest in the monkeys, snakes, lions, and tigers not surpassed by young persons of lesser degree, and rumour has it that one of them affably placed in one of the cages a bun, which the animal ate, little realising the exalted rank of the youthful donor

A Kind of Shooting That He Really Likes

OVER MOORS THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MOROCCO

SIR EDWARD GREY AS THE "TWELFTH" WILL FIND HIM (FOREIGN AFFAIRS PERMITTING)

Everybody will hope that Sir Edward will this year enjoy his shooting not disturbed—as he was last year—by the daily fear of being called on to indulge in shooting of a much less pleasant kind over Moors in which he is very much less interested

His Unknown Majesty the Late Mikado

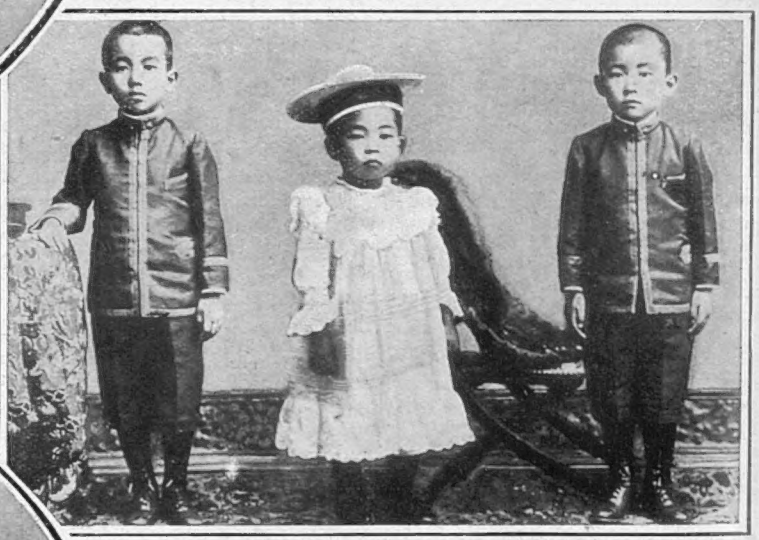
THE NEW JAPANESE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

A Trial For Fleet Street

"SOME people," remarked a wit, "talk about the Almighty as though they had been up with him at Cambridge." With a similar familiarity the Press found itself writing last week about the late Mikado. Certainly Fleet Street distinguished itself on this great occasion, for never breathed a celebrity of whom the average journalist knew less than he did of the Emperor Mutsuhito. I doubt if more than a hundred people in these isles could have told you his name before the journalists had found it up for obituary purposes. To us he was "The Mikado," and I hope any Japanese who may read this will control his feelings when I express the opinion that most Englishmen derive what they know about his Sovereign from the late Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

Our Excuse For Ignorance

PERHAPS it is not altogether our fault. It was the custom to keep the person of the Emperor out of touch with the masses. Not one single story has come to us of any kindly remark to a humble subject. The Mikado seems to have had no experiences with the *enfant terrible*, nor has he ever, apparently, gone in for racing, opened bazaars, gone down coal mines, or done any of the things expected of the Western Monarch. Nobody knows what may be in store for H.I.M. Yoshihito, the new Emperor, but that estimable young man has probably been watching the progress of events in China, and is likely to tread very, very warily.



THE THREE SONS OF THE NEW MIKADO

Prince Hirohito (on the left), the New Emperor of Japan's eldest son, with his two brothers, Prince Yasuhito (on the right) and Prince Nobuhito

* * *

Anglo-Austrian Amenities

AS the Vienna Municipal Council is to visit London early in October, would this not be the right opportunity for the London Press to invite their Austro-Hungarian *confrères* to return the visits to Austria paid by their noble selves some six or more years ago? An Anglo-Austro-Hungarian Press *rapprochement* would have, I have reason to believe, the heartiest sympathy of both Downing Street and the Ballplatz.

In Memoriam—The Mikado

THE death of the Japanese Emperor gives some interest to the general question of the celebration of funeral rites in the "land of the rising sun." In the kingdom of the Mikado, the "august departure" of a relative, be he noble or simple, is made the occasion for rejoicing and feasting. The friends come to the house, most of them bearing something in their hands for the feast. Some, however, present beautiful flowers arranged with exquisite taste, in bamboo tubes or vases. Each guest comes and bows before the household shrines, and as he bows he places his hands together as though in prayer. Then the feast begins. Next day the priests come, and the body is placed in a huge vase with fragrant flowers and leaves packed in closely around it, and on the morrow it is usually placed in a white box, and covered with a white cloth. Then, in the case of nobles and those of the higher classes, the box is put in a pagoda-like "catafalque," and is borne away to the temple. The attendants are usually white (and not as with us, black robed), and bands of singers, also dressed in white, often accompany the procession, walking in advance. As in the case of the Japanese funeral shown in one of our pictures, some of the mourners carry flags and garlands on poles. On arrival at the temple the vase is placed on the altar, while the priests chant a service. Then the vase is carried to the crematorium; and, after the body has been carefully and reverently removed from it, the "august departed" is wrapped in white and slid gently by the priests into the furnace. While the body is being consumed, the guests feast and drink "saké," and talk of the virtues of the dead. If the "body burns well," it is considered a matter for congratulation. A gruesome sort of festival, one must admit. But comprehensible, when one remembers that in the Japanese mind there is neither the fear nor the hope of a future existence. With them there is but a philosophic acceptance of death as the natural end of life.

H.I.M. THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

The photographs at top and bottom depict the progress of the last great Japanese State Funeral, that of the famous statesman, Prince Ito. They give an idea, but on a less ambitious scale, of the scenes that are now to be witnessed in Tokio

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

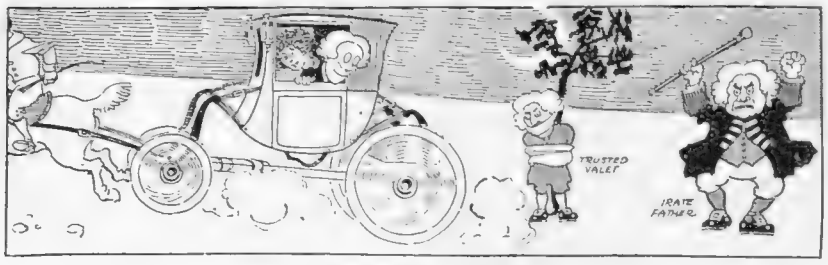
MINISTERS have been put into an awkward position by Mr. Bonar Law's incitement to Ulster. Either the North Sea Fleet or the Mediterranean Squadron will now have to be stationed in the Irish Sea. But which?

* * *

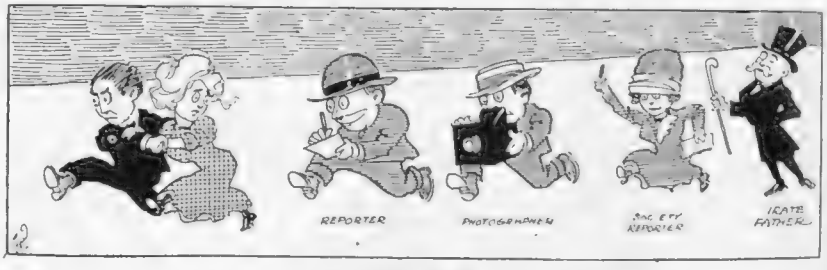
The extension of the Central London Railway from the Bank to Liverpool Street is, we understand, to be regarded as a "Parshall" arrangement.

* * *

Ultimately this railway will extend to Ealing. Residents in this popular suburb will, after such a long Tube journey, be more convinced than ever that the air of Ealing is very fine.



ELOPEMENTS: THEN—



—AND NOW

* * *

Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, is in danger of being sold and levelled. This certainly seems a shame, and we think that archæological enthusiasts should purchase it and present it to the country as a special gaol for Suffragettes.

* * *

Cow-catchers for motor-'buses are being discussed in the daily papers, and there is a growing feeling that if a really safe "catcher" could be invented, it would be great fun watching the motor-'buses picking up timid ladies at crowded crossings.

* * *

In order to ensure public favour for the cow-catcher, directors of motor-'bus companies should make it clear from the start that a ride on the cow-catcher if involuntarily, would not be charged for at the full rate.

* * *

Professor Smith, of the Eugenic Congress, stated that if he had to choose his own father he would rather have a robust burglar than a consumptive bishop. May we point out to the owner of this historic name that among his forbears it is not unlikely that he could find both these excellent types.

Though the public has not, on the whole, warmed very greatly to the Eugenists, it ought at least to recognise that these men have approached their subject in the most self-sacrificing spirit. They are even pressing the Government to pass the Bill for the Suppression of the Feeble-Minded.

* * *

"I have never thought," declares Mr. Horace Hutchinson, "that Taylor was a good model on which a golfing infant might form himself; for one thing, he is a man of peculiar build, very strong and sturdy. . . ." And most golfers, as we know, are such very reedy creatures.

* * *

"It may seem a trifling matter," says a writer in the *Observer*, "but I think that the man who wears his gloves seems to be smarter than the man who carries his gloves in his hands." Surely it is no trifling matter. One might meet the *Observer* writer any day, and then if one were carrying one's gloves instead of wearing them, what an outsider one would feel!

* * *

The Alternative Holiday

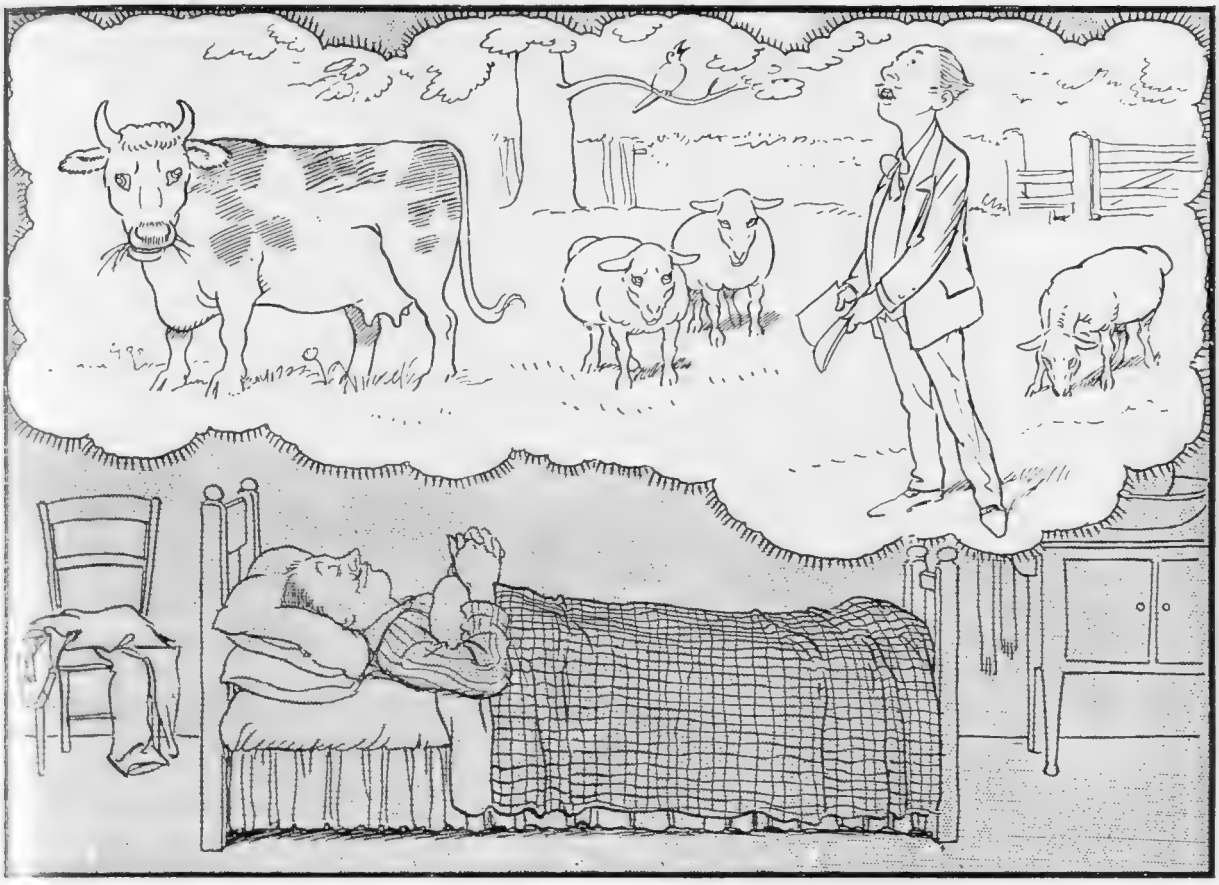
(*"Breezy Berks" and "Beechy Bucks" are being advertised as Holiday Resorts.*)

If you're on your holiday
And are fond of skies and larks,
I can strongly recommend
Breezy Berks.

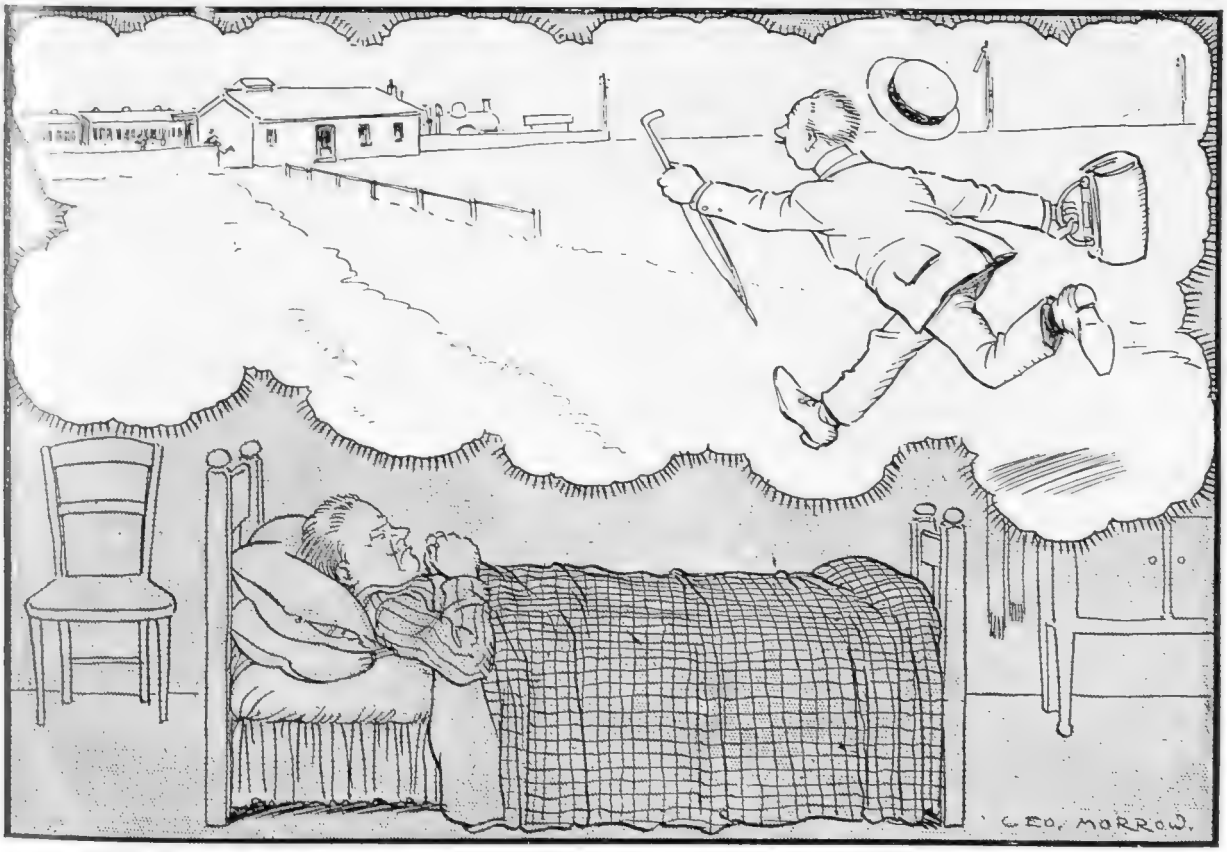
If your taste is for the shade,
Too much sunlight being a crux,
You will find it hard to beat
Beechy Bucks.

In the Winkly Isle of Wight
You can live in bathing pants—
But a smarter garb befits
Hazelly Hants.

Dreams in Town and Out



WHEN LIVING IN TOWN HE DREAMS OF THE JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE



WHEN HE HAS LIVED IN THE COUNTRY FOR A WEEK HE DREAMS AGAIN

BY GEORGE MORROW

MEN WHO MATTER

NO. XIV.: LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

AMONG the great names of Modern England that of George Nathaniel, First Earl Curzon of Kedleston, ranks by itself as veiling an identity which, in two points, comes nearer to the ideal of mediæval sanctity than do any of his contemporaries. As the exponent, *verbis et factis*, of the twin virtues of humility and impeccability, George Nathaniel stands alone. Others may achieve them after years of effort; in George Nathaniel they are inherent as they were inborn, they are exemplified in his choice of Christian names as they are expressed in the nice conduct of his hair-brush. They were even evidenced in his choice of a progenitor. It is to be supposed that in this matter, as in others of later *provenance*, he over-ruled the artless desires of Providence. Something very like a wrangle, it may be, took place in that azure Kingdom of the Future where, as we are told, the Children Still-to-be-Born await the Day. "It is obvious," Providence may have reflected thoughtfully, "that you must be born, if not of Royal Stock, at least into the highest Order of the British Nobility." "Not at all," may have replied George Nathaniel *in posse*, his voice even then instinct with that Balliol manner which he was to bring, unwilling, to its finest flower. "Nobility I can scarcely hope to escape, but it must be of the lowest rung. Dukes, I have heard, are all too often peccable. If it could be managed, I should prefer the Church. Let others hug to their bosoms the flaunting strawberry leaf, be mine the modest violet." And, brushing aside all Providential objections, he selected as his sire at once the Fourth Baron Scarsdale and a clergyman.

As in those pre-natal days, so it has ever been. At Eton he minded his book to such virtuous purpose and displayed a shrinking humility so rare that his companions christened him the "Leek." So later, when, despite his prayers that he might seek some humbler college, Balliol was forced upon him, he threw himself whole-hearted into a crusade against the self-satisfied preciosity that there ran rampant. It was at this period that he wrote that poem, destined to become famous, of which the first lines ran:

> "My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
> I do abhor the superior person."

And it is only too evident of the misapprehension under which he has suffered through life that popular prejudice should later have corrupted the second line to "I am a most superior person." It was the self-contempt of the reformer that alone upheld him when forced by unkind fate into a position so comparatively elevated as that of President of the Union.

Thus has humility remained his constant bed-fellow. When, later, his country's dire need forced public life upon him, what do we find? Did he at once assume the position assigned to him by Omnipotence—Dictator, Premier, or even Minister? Far from it. "*Nolo pontificare*," he cried, with modestly averted face, as did another as saintly, though less gifted, at an earlier age. And while the angels still urged their point, George Nathaniel slipped, impeccable, into the humble post of Assistant-Private Secretary—not even Private Secretary, mark you, but Assistant—to the Marquis of Salisbury.

For long years the battle raged—but victory is not always at once upon the side of the strongest—and little by little George Nathaniel was raised to that celestial niche predestined for him. His very victories were at best Pyrrhic. Let him, abashed at the ever-lengthening alphabetical distinctions flung comet-wise behind his name, abandon his seat in the Commons that he might thereby lose two of them, Destiny, with a firm hand, thrusts him towards the Viceregal throne. Let him, too little confident, believing that in Lord Kitchener of Khartoum he had found a man better able than himself to grapple with the problems of our Eastern Empire, cast off the trappings of semi-Royalty, the ermine of the British Peerage wraps itself closely round him as did the serpents round Laocoon. It is but characteristic of the man that even then he would not give up the struggle. It may—it must be—that those in high places sought to thrust upon him the strawberry leaves he had even pre-natally condemned. It has, indeed, been whispered that very exalted prayers besought his permission to establish some higher, grander title, super-ducal, peacock-crowned. Where others might have hesitated, George Nathaniel held fast. If peer, he must be, at least, the humblest of the peerage. He accepts, indeed, for his Indian purposes, nothing higher than an Irish barony—something that ranks, notoriously, among peers no higher than does the grocer's knighthood among commoners.

His greatest efforts of humility have been twisted out of recognition. Thus it is told that, in Viceregal days, finding rice-pudding served at dinner, he ordered it removed, inquiring angrily if that were proper food for the Ruler of the Indies. In actual truth his action, dictated not by pride, but by humility, was meant to implicate that he held himself too lowly to eat a dish beloved by better men than he. So it is told again that once, when his sisters-in-law come from their far Chicagoan home to visit him, chaffed him unseemly, he chid them, pointing out and truly, that mere kinship to one so humble as was he did not condone lack of respect towards the Awful Office that he held. How great his influence upon those around him shows in the sequel, for at the next public function of the Viceregal Court these young Blossoms of American freedom, at his first entrance, cast themselves face-downwards on the floor before him, and there, with Oriental reverence, performed a pradakshina.

Yet in the end the Lord of Kedleston has shown himself greater than the gods. From his earliest youth seeking what men call insignificance, he, even when seeming vanquished, waited patiently for the event. Providence forced many honours on him; he in these later days has seized and set upon his head, to mingle with the spikes upon his unwelcome coronet, the violet-wreath of final insignificance and mere oblivion.

O. M. H.

MEN WHO MATTER. *By "MAX"*

NO. XIV.—LORD CURZON

Who Will Be President?

THE CHANCES OF DR. WOODROW WILSON, SCHOLAR AND—GOLFER

(FROM A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT)

THE most delightful thing about American politics is that they appear so complex, and really they are quite simple. All you have to do to acquire, at any rate, an amateurish grasp of the situation is to realise the great truth that there is hardly any difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties. The tradition is that the Democrats are a little more radical and progressive than the Republicans, but between a progressive Republican and an ordinary Democrat there is no great gulf fixed—at the most it is a little ditch of prejudice which either can step over. The only question which has power to stir the ordinary American citizen from political apathy is the tariff, and on that question the vast majority of plain people, be they Democrats or Republicans, are quite agreed—it must be reduced.

That being so, it is all the more curious that in the pretty little Roosevelt-Taft scrap, which will finally be settled in November, the question of the tariff was never mentioned. The ebullient Colonel spent a great deal of energy explaining all the vital principles on which he differed from his whilom friend, and then a great deal more explaining away most of what he had said—and the American people looked on with languid interest. A Roosevelt man would shout "Good Old Teddy" if his idol urged the immediate mobilisation of the American fleet for the annexation of Timbuctoo, and an anti-Roosevelt man would suspect some sinister design if he caught the irrepressible T.R. engaged in the benevolent occupation of distributing free glasses of milk to John D. Rockfeller, jun.'s, Sunday School class. In a Presidential election personality counts for a good deal more than party politics. There are many staunch Democrats who have never in their lives voted for the Democratic candidate for President for the simple reason that they thought the Republican nominee the better man.

For several elections the weakness of the Democrats has been in the personality of their candidate. Mr. William Jennings Bryan is in many ways an estimable gentleman, but he lacks the dignity which is proper to the head of a great nation. At last, however, the Democrats have seen an opportunity, and have seized it. That is possibly the most surprising thing in the present Presidential struggle, for a good opportunity of electing a Democratic President occurs so seldom that, when it does come about, by immemorial tradition nearly every Democrat is himself anxious to be the fortunate candidate, and very bitter feeling between friends and allies is the result. This year again, with Roosevelt splitting the Republican vote, it looked as though internecine strife were to spoil the Democratic chances. Mr. Bryan, despite his repeated denials, was persistently regarded as a probable starter in the nomination stakes, and Mr. Beauchamp Clark, of Canadian annexation fame, the unlicensed buffoon of politics, was quite convinced that on him and him only should fall Washington's mantle.

DR. WOODROW WILSON

The week before last we drew attention to his likeness to Mr. Chamberlain as one claim on British sympathies. With this he combines a likeness to Mr. Balfour—he is a keen golfer. A man who is that cannot possibly be otherwise than "safe" for any position

In the end, however, the Democrats have nominated the only strong man in the party, the only man who combines theoretic knowledge and practical experience of politics with the personal qualities which are desirable in a President. The worst thing that can be said about Professor Woodrow Wilson, ex-President of Princeton University, and at present Governor of New Jersey, is that he is a don, and that he has written books on political economy. That, one might imagine, would be sufficient to damn his chances. But in America there is very little of the cloistered calm about the life of a college president. On the contrary, he is generally a most strenuous person, who devotes the time that he can spare from rushing about the country, making speeches on every conceivable subject, to supervising the financial affairs of his college.

As a matter of fact, Professor Woodrow Wilson, if he can only live down the fact of his professorship, which, particularly in the West, will be against him, has got an exceedingly good chance of obtaining the Presidency. He is, for one thing, the only candidate who has come out with a frank declaration of some definite policy. A theoretic Free Trader himself, he has made a public pronouncement in favour of Free Trade. He is an uncommonly good fellow, popular at Princeton, a success as Governor of New Jersey, a clean politician, and, last but by no means least, a devotee of golf.

The Best (and Quickest) Way Out of New York

Study of a climber (not a social one this time), at the top of a flagstaff on a New York skyscraper. He is to be congratulated on having taken the quickest and by far the pleasantest way out of the city

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE BALCONY SCENE

BERLIN is the city of balconies. No rival city has so many or such big ones. Most old, all new, houses have balconies, solidly built balconies, walled in below, and usually covered above. They have electric lamps, and electric bells, and tables and chairs, and pipe rests; and you can lounge, eat, and if you like, sleep on them. Their chief treasure is the balcony garden. A flat-house cannot have a horizontal garden, so it has perpendicular ones. Balcony hangs over balcony, all flaming with geraniums, scarlet-runners, petunias, and sweet peas.

The Berlin Balcony

MUCH work and more idling is done in balconies. The Berlin Bystander has a balcony ten yards long; it hangs over the street; makes a decent promenade; and with its blossoms, awnings, and earwigs resembles Paradise. There the Berlin Bystander reads his twenty daily papers; and sometimes he brings thither his typewriter machine, the gum, scissors, and extracts from famous humorists with which he makes prose for THE BYSTANDER.

Its Uses—

THE balcony plays a semi-public rôle. By a man's balcony you know him. And by a woman's. A Berlin woman looks on a balcony as a back yard. For instance, you walk down a prosperous middle-class street, and see in most balconies only flowers, typewriters, scarlet-runners climbing into windows, and earwigs climbing into ears. And then suddenly you come upon a balcony crossed by a cord, and from the cord flutters a wet white flag of the kind you see in incomparable England marked *2s. 11½d.* And beside it sits the attractive owner waiting till it dries.

—Abuses—

SOME Berliners take sunbaths on balconies. This is possible only for top-floor flat-dwellers, whose balconies are not overlooked. They do it *splitternackt*, as Germans say in Germany, or mit nodings on as Germans say in New York. Such sunbaths need discretion. The balcony, remember, is appendage to a room, usually a drawing-room, and it is reachable only through the room. It may, therefore, easily become a snare. A terrible balcony tragedy happened last week.

—And Possibilities

THE Berlin Bystander's friend, Herr Dr. Phil et Jur. Rotbohnen, is in the habit of taking sunbaths; and at twelve noon he was seated in his balcony roasting his exposed form. His clothes he had left in a bedroom. Just as he was turning nicely brown he heard two voices which made his darkening skin get pale again. It was his wife, Frau Dr. Med, Rotbohnen, conversing with her visitor, Frau Schoolteacher Trockenboden. The pair were in the drawing-room, which opened on to the balcony. The situation was dreadful. The dog-day sun flamed fiercely; Herr Rotbohnen had had enough of it; but between him and retreat sat unsuspecting Frau Dr. Med. Rotbohnen and Frau Schoolteacher Trockenboden. And the only garment in sight was a dry geranium leaf.

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO NORWAY

The above photograph shows his Imperial Majesty looking at the model for a statue of Frithjof (which will be unveiled next year), his gift to Norway in commemoration of his 25th visit. With the Kaiser are (left to right) Professor Dahl, Professor Unger (sculptor of the monument), General von Kessel, General von Moltke, Freiherr von Lynker, General Dickhut (marine painter), Professor Stoever

Herr Rotbohnen's Predicament

THE sun continued to flame; the last cloud dwindled; and Herr Rotbohnen's skin peeled. Frau Schoolteacher Trockenboden rose to go. Herr Rotbohnen's heart hopped with joy. But it sank immediately to deepest gloom. "Sit quiet, Käthie," said hospitable Frau Rotbohnen. "You're going to stay to lunch. Let me show you my travel photographs. I have just eleven hundred. After that we'll go on the balcony and look at the flowers."

Mechanical Aids to Water Sports

SOME NOVEL DEVICES FROM GERMANY

WALKING UPON THE WATER BY MEANS OF FOOT-FLOATS

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF A NEW WATER VEHICLE FOR SPORTIVE BATHERS

From Germany comes an invention for an ingenious new water sport. The device consists of two floats of waterproof material which can be inflated at will by means of an ordinary bicycle pump. These floats are strapped to the feet, and the wearer is propelled at quite a good pace with the aid of a specially constructed oar as shown in our first picture. The two lower photographs are of a more elaborate vehicle carrying a number of bathers at a time, the whole being propelled by means of the paddle-wheels at the sides

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

Tecla

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

(Continued from page 280)

Watering Advantages

WATERING balcony flowers is a great business. The police decree that you water before 8.0 a.m. or after 10.0 p.m. The reason is that water pours from the balcony, and wets the day-time crowds. After ten you can hurl down water in floods. This has uses. A Berlin accountant once died of joy on seeing his wife's betrayer coming down the street at 10.15 p.m. in a new silk hat. But the balcony has other uses. Statistics prove that 3.17 per mille of Berlin engagements are arranged by the matrimonial agent Herr Balcony.

Bachelors, Beware!

HE plays the useful rôle of the late Mr. Stead's Introduction League. Berliners, remember, do not call; and flat-neighbours seldom see one another's faces. But sometimes adjoining flats have a balcony in common, which is divided only by a low iron shield. This dualism leads to desirable acquaintances. The nice-looking girl in the four-roomed flat comes out to water the flowers, and the nice-looking man in the adjoining six-roomed flat immediately takes an interest in flowers. It is after ten at night; and mamma has gone to bed. And naturally nice-looking girls want advice about potting geraniums.

A Trifling Obstacle

THEREUPON the iron shield proves to be as trifling an obstacle against loving hearts as was the stone wall between Pyramus and Thisbe. Thus the versatile balcony keeps up the marriage rate; and sometimes merely keeps up the birth rate.

A FAMOUS ANIMAL DEALER AT HOME

Herr Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, with two of his grand-children and their strange pets. Herr Hagenbeck is the largest animal dealer in the world. In the course of a single year he despatches to menagaries and zoological gardens in every quarter of the globe as many as fifty lions, tigers, leopards, and elephants, over a thousand birds, 700 or 800 monkeys, 200 snakes, and other rare and wild creatures

THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP AT COWES

The Fascination of Cowes Week

HAS IT BECOME TOO MUCH OF A "GARDEN PARTY?"

Two Kiels to one

The time may come, of course, when Mr. H. W. Massingham (appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in recognition of his devotion to the supremacy of The Nation) will rise in the House of Commons to announce a new accelerated yacht-building programme, to counteract—in the interests of peace, of course—the suspicious preparations of designing Germans, or German designers. But at present, in spite of the Kaiser's well-known ambition to make Kiel Regatta absolutely "it," in spite of German yachting successes over here and periodical grumbles over the decadence of British yachting, we can still show two Kiels to one, so to speak; we can still sleep soundly in our beds, and waking with the soft splash of the Solent in our ears, feel as we gaze out at our pleasure fleet riding majestically in the morning sun, that Kühe—Cowes, I mean—is not only the most delightful but the greatest yachting meeting in the world.

The People—

Of its delights, as a breezy out-door wind-up to a jading London season, a sort of half-way house before the general August dispersal, there can be no question. It is "Royal Cowes" once more this year, with the King and Queen graciously according the hall-mark of their presence; while King Alfonso, who raced three of his own boats at the last regatta, is again visiting the little island town over which his mother-in-law, Princess Henry of Battenberg, extends her sway as Governor. And everyone either in or on the skirts of Society, from the Marquis of Ormonde, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to the "newest" esquire or dame who has barely picked up the elements of the yachting jargon yet, is there, too—or feels bound to give him, or herself, and possibly others, very good reasons for staying away. Yet, life at Cowes, like the clothes one wears there, is of extreme (though, perhaps, expensive) simplicity. When there is practically only one narrow street to stroll or shop in, and strolling or shopping there is one of the chief amusements, formality does not get much chance, and even those who hardly "belong" don't feel too much out of it. The one place where the privileged are really railed off is the R.Y.S. lawn, where one has tea to the music of a band, and can sometimes, with care, see a little of the racing.

—And the Racing

The setting is perfect, indeed—a pleasant little seaport full of pleasant people making holiday, the great glittering stretch of silver Solent dotted with fine yachts and their little steam pinnaces hurrying to and from the shore, and the feeling of space and freshness all around. There are those, however, who complain that in all this the actual racing takes a very secondary place, and that genuine interest in the sport is at a low ebb. But the deduction, it seems to me, is hardly a fair one. There are two kinds of people who come to Cowes, and there is room for both. There are plenty of sporting enthusiasts there as well as indifferent spectators—and if the latter do fail to display an absolutely burning interest in the racing it is at least excusable, for yacht-racing, especially with time allowances, may well seem a bit tedious to the uninitiated. That the sport continues to be pursued with the utmost keenness is attested by the quantity and excellence of the work done this season.

The Kaiser's Cup

The meeting opened yesterday with the handicap race for the King's Cup, open only to members of the R.Y.S., and to-day (Wednesday) comes that other great event of the meeting, the German Emperor's Cup which went last year to Herr Krupp von Bohlen und

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE RACE AS SEEN FROM ON BOARD THE KAISER'S "METEOR"

On the principle of putting the best first, the Royal Yacht Squadron's Regatta opened yesterday (Tuesday) with the handicap for the King's Cup, which is confined to yachts owned by members of the Squadron. Above is shown a snapshot taken during the race on board the German Emperor's famous schooner "Meteor," with Mr. Cecil Whitaker's "Waterwitch" ahead. The race was won last year by Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's "Julnar" (which actually finished fifth), with "Waterwitch" second, and "Meteor" third

White Wings That Soar

Photograph

A CHARMING STUDY OF THE RACING AT COWES S

As a summer spectacle there is nothing to beat Cowes Regatta, with its refreshing atmosphere of space and freedom, and the infinitely graceful movements of the white-winged yachts as they sweep majestically along, or gently and easily (to those who cannot see the work on board) tack and turn. whispered, these dignified evolutions tedious, especially as many of the

Above The Boundless Blue

Horace W. Nicholls

SHOWING THE BOATS APPROACHING THE FIRST MARK

ome of the lay spectators, however, it must be
ne after a time (not unnaturally) somewhat
e under time allowance, and the comings and goings of Society in the Royal Yacht Squadron grounds, where everybody who is anybody is or wishes to be seen, evoke almost as much interest as the racing. This year's racing opened yesterday (Tuesday) and concludes on Friday

A Wonderful American Schooner

CLOSE-HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK

The Chance of Accident

There have been, by the way, quite a fair proportion of accidents recently to racing yachts—on one day, indeed, three were dismasted—and a quite disproportionate amount of talk regarding the dangers of the light gear carried nowadays. Spars and gear are, of course, much lighter than they were, and probably we have not seen the end yet of the cutting-down process. But at the same time there have come great improvements in standing-gear, which counter-balance any disadvantage in the other direction. The comparative rarity of any serious accident is indicated by the sensation which was caused by the mishap to *Shamrock* at Cowes some years ago. F. L. M. D.

THE LEE RAIL AWASH

Holbach's German-built and manned schooner *Germania*. She and the Kaiser's *Meteor* are both competing again. Of our own 23-metre boats, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* has had the best of the argument so far against her solitary rival *White Heather*. In the 19-metre class *Mariquita* (Mr. A. K. Stothert) has slightly the best record for the season, with *Octavia* (Mr. W. P. Burton) close up. Curiously enough, both the other boats of this class, Messrs. Paget and Hennessy's *Corona* and Mr. F. Milburn's *Norada*, were dismasted during the Clyde fortnight in the thirteenth race in which each took part—wherein the superstitious may find food for melancholy satisfaction.

GETTING THE MAINSAIL DOWN

Our photographs on this page were taken on board the American schooner "Westward," owned by Mr. Alexander Smith Cochrane. She was built by Herreshoff, and, with the famous Captain Barr as skipper, burst upon the yachting horizon in a blaze of glory two years ago, when she won the Kaiser's Cup in sensational style

A Tight Race for the Turn

Photograph *Sport and General*

A neck-and-neck race at Cowes Regatta between two yachts about to round a mark-boat, where much ground may be won or lost

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Literature and Journalism

The recent death of Andrew Lang has started a discussion in some of the papers with regard to the definition of the word journalist. You hear much of the difference between "Journalism" and "Literature," and I dare say a most agreeable evening might be spent debating the point. You might declare that the reporter of a provincial *Argus* or *Herald* could hardly be compared with Dante or Goethe, but you might also be told that both Defoe and Jonathan Swift were journalists, and who is greater than they? Whatever view you may take, however, the fact remains that journalism itself is *interesting*. Fleet Street, with its environs, has an air of its own. Philip Gibbs called it the *Street of Adventure*, and wrote a very fine book dealing with its inner life, and now he is followed by Alphonse Courlander, who, in *Mightier than the Sword* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.), draws an equally vivid picture of things as I have no doubt they are. But whereas *The Street of Adventure* seemed to me to be literature of a high order, *Mightier than the Sword* appears to be little more than most interesting journalism. There is something lacking in it, something quite intangible which I could not describe if I would. The book is little more than a series of intensely interesting pictures: to read it is to visit a cinematograph show such as gives you "a little of everything." It does not satisfy you; it refuses to stay in your mind as a whole. At least, that is what happened to me.

"DEUX LETIRES ARRIVERENT A FETTER LANE"

(The above is an illustration in a French paper to Mr. Temple Thurston's story "The City of Beautiful Nonsense." The artist's conception of Fetter Lane as a quiet residential retreat close to a nice park, fills with envy those who daily know the awful reality. Also the pipe placed in the mouth of the postman shows a happy disregard of official regulations).

The Reporter

For his hero Mr. Courlander takes a reporter on one of the daily papers, and I dare say the reporter of to-day has never before been shown with such clarity and detail. You read on through the pages, and follow Humphrey Quain from the days when he is slaving in the provinces to the time when he is Paris Correspondent to *The Day*. The story is slight enough, the various little essays in love rather commonplace, and the final catastrophe in a French village at the time of the champagne riots seems unnecessary. On the other hand, the writing is so smooth, and the characters drawn so dexterously, that it seems churlish to grumble. Perhaps the fact that the proprietor, Ferrol, has been drawn so often before prejudices you. Perhaps the drama of the thing is too aloof from the hero. I do not know. But two things are clear. Mr. Courlander knows Fleet Street, and shows that he knows it, on every line; and he is convinced that to be a successful reporter, life and love and pleasure and pain must all give way before the paper itself. Well, perhaps that is so, and perhaps I expected too much. In any case the book is worth reading.

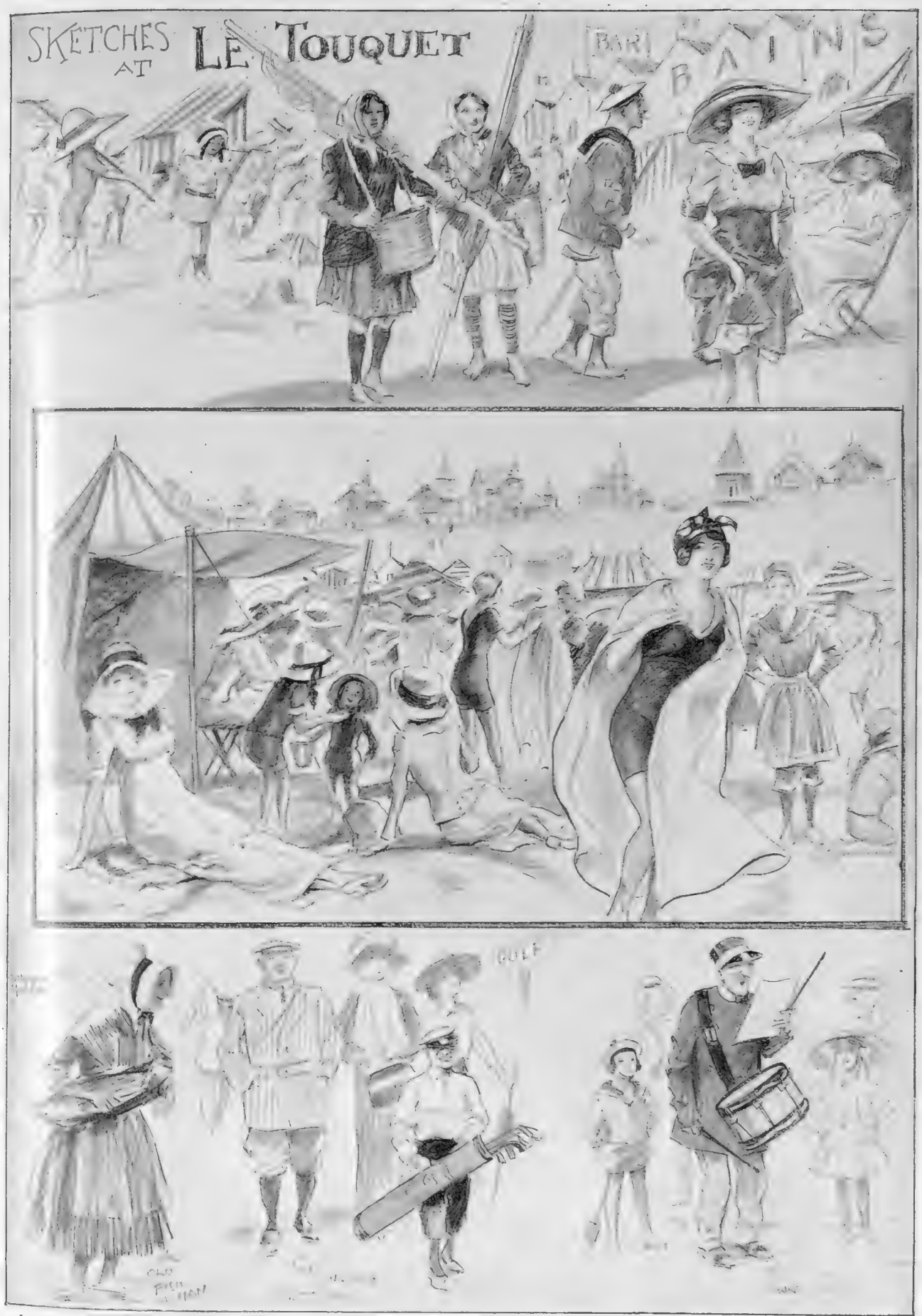
Treasure

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, in *The Big Fish* (Methuen: 6*s*.), piles up horror upon horror with an ingenuity which must arouse admiration. He begins his story of a search for buried treasure in a London auction room, but the scene is speedily shifted to the less civilised land of Peru, that strange land of the Incas which surely, sooner or later, must be bought by an American business syndicate for the purpose of recovering all those hordes of precious stones and gold coins of which generations of novelists have told us. If his idea be as old as the Incas themselves, however, Mr. Marriott Watson manages to break new ground in the story. His villains are not of the usual melodramatic type, and he is able to suggest the terrible life of this No Man's Land, when men become primitive beings, and life hangs by the proverbial thread. The syndicate formed to recover the Big Fish is a villainous gang with two gentlemen out for adventure, and in all conscience they get it. But one gets a wife, and that makes up for the hardships he suffers. There is also one Coop, a Cockney, whose fortunes and character are entirely out of the ordinary. The treasure, I should add, is found, but at what expense may be left to the reader.

A Correction

Owing to a stupid mistake, Messrs. Duckworth were given as the publishers of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's new volume, *All Manner of Folk*. The book is really published by Grant Richards.

RALPH STRAUS



Le Touquet, visited recently by our Mr. Norman Morrow, is a select retreat one hour's tram and train journey from Boulogne. It is noted for two things, viz., its incomparable golf links and its air of peace and quiet, which latter is greatly appreciated by those who have tired of rowdy Ostend and racy Trouville

BY NORMAN MORROW

Otter-Hunting—Resumed

Photograph *Topical*

A picturesque photograph showing the Crowhurst Otter Hounds working the river near Marden after an interval of seven weeks owing to haymaking. The pack was established in 1903, and belonged originally to Mrs. Walter Cheesman, who presented it to a committee

THE CORPSE THAT LAUGHED

A Story of the Assizes

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE excitement round the door of a first-class carriage in the Wisbech express, which was still in Northampton station five-and-twenty minutes after it should have been well on its way through the green Lincolnshire meadows, was intense.

Passengers, guards, policemen, and porters were all talking at the same time, and all were peering over one another's shoulders into the dimly-lighted carriage at the horrible thing that sat there in the far corner.

It was the body of a man, a very colossus—stone dead. But it was not the sight of death alone that caused even the policeman by the door to blanch and peak in whispers, it was the horrible expression on the orpse's face, and the extraordinary attitude of the hole body.

The man—or rather the thing that had but just efore been a living, breathing human being, was con-rted and twisted, its arms upstretched towards the etwork over its head, and on its face an unmistak-ble expression of uncontrollable merriment, which ade the mysterious murder yet more horrible.

That the man had been murdered left no room for ubt. The marks round his strong bull neck were mistakably those of human fingers, but how he had een murdered, why, and by whom, were mysteries hich nobody could solve.

The ticket collectors had been questioned; the guard remembered that there had been two people in the rriage when the express left St. Neots, but could not remember anything likely to lead to the discovery of the other passenger, whom he had not noticed particularly. In fact, the only evidence of any sort which transpired was the statement of one of the ticket-collectors that a small man with his head bound up in a silk handkerchief, who moaned as he walked, and generally presented the appearance of a man afflicted with toothache, had given up a Wisbech ticket and left the station. This evidence was not considered of any importance by the police, and after some weeks' excitement in the newspapers, the matter dropped out of the minds of the public.

Whether the police could have traced and found the man whose face was tied up in a handkerchief or no is doubtful, but that the clue should not have been allowed to drop was made manifest at the next assizes. The day before the opening of the courts, a small man, with a timid manner, presented himself at the Northampton police station, and demanded speech with the chief inspector.

"My name is Henry Martin," he said, "and I have come to give myself up for the murder in the Wisbech express."

The inspector looked at him with astonishment. "You," was all that he could say, for Henry Martin was a well-known figure in Northampton, whither his business of a commercial traveller frequently took him, and he was neither physically nor morally a likely person to have planned and executed the murder, single-handed, of a man of the size and strength of his victim.

"Yes I. I shall give no explanation. That I reserve for my appearance in court to-morrow. I am perfectly sane and I know what I am talking about. The man's name was George Watson."

"You may have seen that in the papers," said the inspector, to whom self-accusation on no basis whatever was not unknown.

"I did," said Martin; "but I confess to the murder of George Watson. I will make any formal declaration which may be necessary, and I demand to be put upon my trial in accordance with the laws of my country. Suspicion has fallen upon the guard of the train, and I have no wish to see an innocent man suffer in my place."

Martin's language was so clear and so direct that the inspector had no resource but to do his duty, and Martin, upon his own confession, was put under lock and key.

His conduct between the day of his strange confession and the day of his trial was calm and consistent. He would speak before the judge and jury, he said. He wanted no legal assistance. He would be his own advocate.

Upon the morning of the case the court was crowded. The murder had been strange indeed, but the defence was to be stranger still. The proverbial pin could easily have been heard had anybody dropped it, as Henry Martin, in answer to his name, rose in the dock, where he was stationed between two warders, either of whom could have controlled the little man with one hand.

He spoke in a clear voice to the following effect:—

"My name is Henry Martin. I am a commercial traveller, and until the murder of George Watson have never, to my knowledge, done anything against the laws of my country. I am here, a voluntary prisoner, on the charge of murder; but the circumstances under which I committed the crime are such as to leave no doubt in my own mind of an acquittal by you, gentlemen"—here he bowed politely to the jury who were listening open-mouthed—"when these circumstances become known.

"The public press has acquainted those of you who were not in the station on the night of the murder with the extraordinary physical strength of the murdered man—a strength which apparently renders it impossible that I, small and insignificant as I am, should have had the power to kill him. The press has also told you of the extraordinary appearance of the corpse, which was, as you have read, apparently convulsed with laughter. The press was right, gentleman—Mr. George Watson was convulsed with laughter

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—that was one reason for my taking his life. The other reason, and the reason also for his merriment, was this"—and to the stupefaction of all present, Martin handed down a large double tooth for examination by the jury.

"Gentlemen, you will admit that there are certain circumstances under which a man loses his normal timidity and his normal weakness. There are circumstances, gentlemen, under which a man ceases to become a man, under which he will stop at no crime—stop, in fact, at nothing. A soldier in battle shows ten times his natural bravery, ten times his natural strength, if the enemy have done to death a comrade whom he is anxious to avenge, and, as it is with the generous passions, so, gentlemen, it is with the others.

"My motive power, gentlemen of the jury, was"—here Henry Martin paused impressively for a moment—"toothache.

"Have you ever thought, gentlemen, of the influence toothache may acquire upon the human brain? Have you ever heard of a brave action done by a man with toothache? Had the Sirdar been suffering with toothache, gentlemen, during the Soudan campaign (some applause which was immediately suppressed), the taking of Khartum would have been deferred. Had Romulus had toothache, Rome would never have been built.

"Gentlemen, there is no need for me to dive into classics; let me appeal to you. Is there one among you who, with such a tooth as this"—here he held up the molar which had been passed round before—"throbbing and aching, with a constant hammering upon your brain by an imaginary ten-horse power hammer—is there one of you, I ask, who, suffering such pangs as these, would hesitate from the commission of any crime?"

The prisoner paused for a moment, and it was easy to see that the sympathies of the court were with him. Several of the jury conveyed their hands almost surreptitiously to their jaws, and within a few moments there was scarcely a man or a woman in the court-house whose thoughts had not gone back to a sleepless night or a bad half-hour at the dentist's.

Martin noticed, it would seem, the favourable impression he was making, and with a half-smile he continued:—

"When I threw myself, rather than got, into the train at St. Neots the pain was so intense that there was nothing I would not have done to ease it. If there be any man in court who was in the train when it left St. Neots station, he may remember that it seemed to sound the steam whistle twice before entering the tunnel, instead of once as usual. The fact that I in my pain was the second steam whistle may give you some faint notion of my suffering.

"George Watson sat opposite me in the carriage, and as I shrieked he laughed. I do not pretend to analyse, gentlemen of the jury, what peculiar quality there is about the ills of toothache that make the victim of one of nature's greatest tortures ridiculous in the eyes of his fellow men. I do not know why it is that the suffering man in the corner of a 'bus or train, who holds his handkerchief to his swollen cheek and moans at intervals, conveys such exquisite enjoyment to those of his fellow creatures who observe his pain, although these fellow creatures have doubtless suffered the same pangs themselves. Suffice it that so it is, and that toothache is ridiculous to the unlooker. To the sufferer, gentlemen, it is real, undoubted agony.

"As the express train left St. Neots, George Watson, as I have said, laughed aloud. My agony grew greater and greater, his merriment increased. He writhed and shouted with glee, I writhed and yelled with pain, the more I suffered, the more he laughed, and at the moment his laughter (though God knows the man may in reality have been sorry for me) increased my torments, and made me hate with a deadly hate this new part-author of them.

"Suddenly as we neared the little tunnel before Northampton, an acute pang, to which all those that had gone before were as nothing, shot through my jaw. I remember little—the man opposite me yelled in sheer delight, I noticed the tears of joy trickle down his cheek—another pang that brought me up out of my seat, another shriek of laughter, and the fall of some small article from the rack above my torturer's head, and then some hidden force—pain, hate—I know not what precisely—impelled me forward. I had a vague sensation of something thick, and coarse, and round, and warm, between my hands, which I pressed tighter and tighter yet to strangle the laughter that was maddening me. The laughter gurgled and ceased, the train stopped at Northampton, and I left the station and went straight to a dentist, who relieved me of my pain. The dentist, gentlemen, sits among yourselves, and can bear witness that my sufferings were not imaginary.

"At first I had no thought of giving myself up to justice. My pain had left me and I felt afraid. But when I heard that an innocent man had been suspected of the crime, if crime it be, which I committed, I resolved to make a full confession. This I have now done, and having done so, throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

Martin stopped speaking. There was a hush, and then a sudden buzz of eager voices both in the jury-box and in the body of the court.

After three minutes' consultation, without leaving the box, the foreman of the jury rose and said: "My lord, we find the prisoner not guilty!"

The applause was instantly suppressed, and, though the verdict found favour with all who had heard the case, truth compels me to admit that the judge felt it his duty to reprimand the jury most severely.

It is true that he had been asleep most of the time, and had, besides, been wearing false teeth for many, many years.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

NOTICE TO AUTHORS

The Editor presents his compliments to his various contributors, and begs to say that he will continue to give the promptest possible attention to manuscripts sent in for his consideration. He must, however, decline absolutely to hold himself personally responsible for each and all of the many hundreds of unsolicited manuscripts that may be addressed to his office. Nor will he undertake to enter into correspondence concerning them.

Authors who desire favourable consideration should, before addressing stories to THE BYSTANDER, *study its requirements of length and style.*

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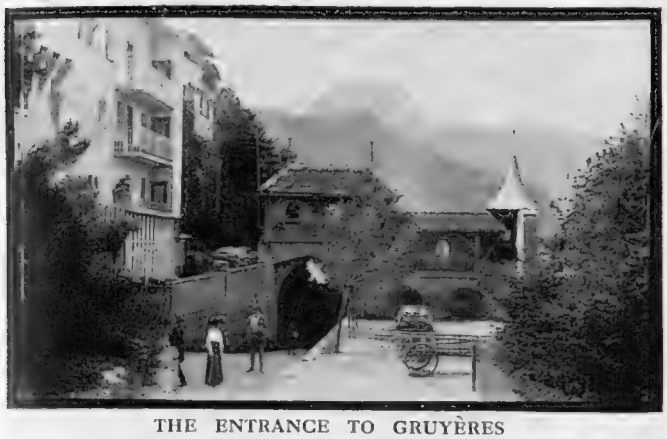


THE ENTRANCE TO GRUYÈRES
Showing the Moléson heights in the distance

A CALVARY IN A QUAINT CORNER OF THE TOWN

A WATCH TOWER AND GATEWAY OF GRUYERES

Photographs *A. S. Allberry*

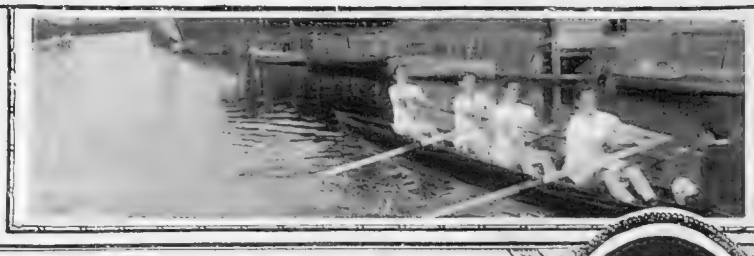
THE MAIN STREET, GRUYÈRES

Tucked away among the Swiss mountains, north of Montreux, is Gruyères, the ancient capital of the Province. Situate on an eminence where it has slept for centuries past, this ancient and fortified city has remained unaltered and unspoiled in a country which alas! is overrun by tourists. Fortunately, however, the city is off the beaten track, and has completely retained its mediæval character, in spite of its connection with the famous cheese to which it gives its name

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 9. Canterbury

By Leonard Willoughby



ROWING ON THE STOUR
A King's School Four practising

THE charming old Kentish town has certainly two things which make its name famous the world over. One of these is its wonderful old Cathedral, with its endless history; the other is its Cricket Week, which is held each year in the month of August. This latter is quite a unique festival, and though other towns have attempted to imitate it, still nothing ever comes up to the Canterbury Week. As this article appears, so will this absolutely delightful week be in progress. In writing an article on Canterbury's pastimes, one could well confine oneself to one subject alone—cricket, but as my article is to touch on those sports and games which continue throughout the year, I must needs only deal very lightly with the "Week," owing to space. Those who go yearly to Canterbury for the "Week" have scarcely an idle moment, and nowhere in the world is more hospitality shown by the owners of tents erected around the cricket field. Nowhere can fairer women and better-known men be found congregated than those who assemble there from all parts of the kingdom. Yet this is not strictly Canterbury cricket; it has nothing to do with the St. Laurence Club, for instance, which was formed some fifty years ago. This, however, is the premier club in East Kent, and its headquarters are the Kent County Ground, where the "Week" is held. The Club plays some fifty matches each season, including the chief clubs around east and mid-Kent, also the M.C.C. and various London clubs. Pastimes during the last ten years have advanced in Canterbury, especially bowls, hockey, and golf. Football is fairly popular, but is principally confined to the schools, though there are one or two minor clubs who favour Association. Swimming is growing in popularity, and arrangements have now been made for the instruction of elementary school scholars at the swimming baths. The City hockey club is comparatively a young one, being now in

Photograph Fisk-Moore
THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY
Mr. F. J. Godden

MEMBERS OF THE ST. LAURENCE CRICKET CLUB
Which has been in existence for half a century, and is the most important club in East Kent

A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE COUNTY CRICKET GROUND (ST. LAURENCE), ON WHICH THE FAMOUS "CANTERBURY WEEK" IS HELD

Sports That are Popular in Canterbury

Photograph *Fisk Moore*

THE BASSETT HOUNDS

The property of the 9th Lancers. The pack hunts twice a week, and some good sport invariably results. Mr. R. G. Porter is Master

SOME MORE CANTERBURY ATHLETES

Members of the Cycling Club, 1912

A WATER-POLO MATCH IN PROGRESS

Swimming is a much favoured pastime by certain Canterbury residents. Arrangements have lately been made whereby instruction in swimming at the baths is given to elementary school scholars

Canterbury and Its Pastimes—concluded

its fifth year. The past season was most satisfactory from the point of view of the matches being worthy of note—teams from London and the Racing Club de France "going under" to the Canterbury team. Bowls is played on the green at Rhodans Town. The members of the club are very keen, and meet with much success in their matches. Lawn tennis: The Elms Lawn Tennis Club is the only one in Canterbury, and interest in this game has strongly revived this year, the club having been reorganised and worked up. There are three good courts, which are prettily situated, and

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF BOWLING CLUB

Bowls appeals to a fair proportion of residents. Last year the club was successful in winning 11 out of 14 challenge matches

CANTERBURY LAWN TENNIS

Is represented by the Elms Club, which has recently been re-organised. The game has many enthusiastic fol'owers

the club has two challenge cups, which are played for monthly. The two best players are Colonel Campbell, of the 9th Lancers, and Mr. Mirfield, the present cup-holder, and of the ladies Miss Hughes-D'Aeth, the well-known volleyer in the open tournaments, and Miss Paine, who, with Miss D'Aeth, plays as one of the six ladies representing the county this year. Golf is played at Barham Downs, a nine-hole course, which is a fairly good one, with artificial bunkers. The 9th Lancers have a pack of beagles, which hunt twice a week, and show very good sport. Rowing is confined chiefly to King's School, who this season have so far been successful, having beaten the R.E. at Chatham, Old Williamsonians R.C., and the Medway R.C. The boats have been

GOLF ON THE BARHAM LINKS

A match between Major Victor Brooke, D.S.O. (putting), and Captain Lord F. Blackwood, D.S.O. The course is a nine-hole one, and the Golf Club enrols some 225 members, ladies and gentlemen

SOME KEEN HOCKEY PLAYERS

Belonging to the City Club, a young but go-ahead institution. Most of the members of the club are drawn from schools from Canterbury and district

admirably coached by Mr. L. E. Reay, and besides the first and second crews there are five others on the river. The pastimes I have referred to are all well supported, and it is probable they may become even more so. The Corporation is doing all in its power to promote an interest in all manly recreations, and the Mayor himself, though no active sportsman, yet shows his appreciation of sport by encouraging it.

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH

CHELTENHAM

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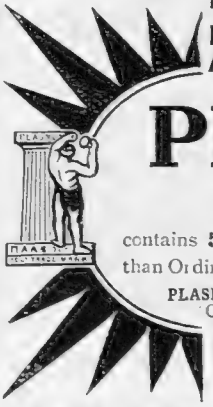

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MATTERS MUSICAL

Charity Abused

I sometimes wonder if Mr. S. E. Palmer, who some few years ago gave a large amount of money to be used for the benefit of the young British composer, has not occasionally regretted his generosity. For the Patron's Fund—such is the official and very unsatisfactory title of the proceeds of this money—has probably been more abused and even vilified than any other department of our musical organisation. Indeed, to hear some people talk, not to mention what some people write, one would imagine that Mr. Palmer had entered on a very heinous conspiracy against Her Holiness, St. Cecilia, and all the Hierarchy of Music. No words were bad enough to stigmatise the works performed at the concerts, no jeers merciless enough to scoff at the concerts themselves.

Mr. Palmer's Great Work

Nevertheless, Mr. Palmer has done, and is doing, a very great work for English music. No one is more alive than the Musical Bystander to the dangers of the over-production and the artificial stimulation of English music. But the Patron's Fund Concerts ought never to have been treated like ordinary concerts; they provided the ground for trying seeds rather than the beds in which the flowers should display their mature blossoms. And this rather obvious fact seems too often to have been overlooked—to the manifest detriment of the poor young composers, and, as I shrewdly suspect, to the disgust of the public-spirited gentleman responsible for the enterprise. After all, the most important function in any organisation is to see that the talents of its younger members enjoy the best possible opportunities of recognition. And that, at least, the Patron's Fund has attempted to do, whether by grants to students enabling them to go abroad, or by assistance in getting compositions printed, or by the opportunity of a public, or, at least, a semi-public, hearing which may be the prelude to greater things. It is pleasant, moreover, to see that the general good sense of the community has come to recognise this fact and the value of it, because lately the Patron's Fund—though, of course, we all have our own ideas on the subject and are quite convinced that we could make a much better job of it—has gained considerably in popularity, and, consequently, in usefulness.

Photograph *Walter Barrett*

MR. ERNEST PALMER

Who gave £27,000 to found the Patron's Fund for British Musicians, in connection with which a special concert was given on July 23, at the Queen's Hall, at which their Majesties the King and Queen were present in honour of British music

Honour to British Talent

So it was quite appropriate that, a week or so ago, the King and Queen should have dramatised, so to speak, our national appreciation by attending one of the concerts—or, to be strictly accurate, half of one of the concerts. Of course, this concert was a special one, devoted not so much to the discovery of new talent as the recognition of what has already been discovered. It was, in fact, a kind of acclamation of the merits of the Young School of British Composers, and may be said to provide the official counterpart of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's extraordinarily successful concerts earlier in the year. There is, indeed, no doubt that the ball has really started rolling at last, and the composers quite deserve their success. Without going into any details of the concert, it is impossible not to make some mention of Gustave von Holst's fantastic suite. Mr. von Holst may, perhaps, be described journalistically as the English Stravinski, for his delightful imagination can well be likened to that of the composer of *L'Oiseau de Feu*. Though he has not quite the intellectual breadth of Mr. Vaughan Williams, whose excellent music to *The Wasps* of Aristophanes triumphantly emerged from the ordeal of finishing a long afternoon, he has, perhaps, a better sense of logic than the Russian composer; he works out his ideas to the n^{th} without ever failing to be interesting and picturesque. Indeed, if only English Society possessed a portion of that useful Parisian weakness, *le snobisme artistique*, Mr. von Holst would stand a good chance of acquiring fame, and possibly even fortune, in a very short time.

An Unrehearsed Incident

The concert was characterised by an unrehearsed incident. Mr. Sammons had just concluded an excellent interpretation of Saint-Säen's Violin Concerto when somebody discovered that the composer himself was in the house. Cries were raised for him, and at length the old gentleman stood up in the dress-circle, obviously delighted, and bowed his acknowledgments. The audience literally rose at him. It was a charming scene, one of those spontaneous, human outbursts that so far surpass any organised enthusiasm, however sincere.

FRANCIS TOYE

There is much information in the Elliman Booklets. Consider as examples—Chronic Rheumatism, Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica, Taking Cold, Sore Throat with Hoarseness from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Sprains, Massage; and notice the various excellent Prescriptions given in the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet, 96 pages, illustrated, enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, prices 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/- per bottle.
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Photograph *Leonard Willoughby*

GETTING READY FOR THE FRAY: "GUNS" ARRIVING ON THE MOORS FOR THE OPENING DAY'S SHOOT

SHOOTING: By Leonard Willoughby

I OFTEN wonder if it strikes others, as it does myself, that each year one gets older, the seasons come round on the top of one another with increasing rapidity. In youth the periods of waiting seems interminable, one feels that the expected day will never arrive. It is, perhaps, as well, for assuredly as we get into the sear and yellow leaf stage of life anniversaries seem like weeks rather than a whole twelve months. Shooting is again upon us, and I hope and believe we are all looking forward to the opening day, as we did when we were boys, though, perhaps, now with just a little of the mellowed enthusiasm of age. The country gentleman, the professional and business man, the politician, and the rising generation are all keen to wind their way to the moors, and small blame to them. In this respect it always amuses me to see the taunts which the Radicals in the House of Commons love to hurl at Unionists in regard to what they allege as the all-important desires of their opponents for the House to rise before the Twelfth in order that they may indulge in the selfish pastime of slaying grouse, to the exclusion of their country's business. It is an old cry, but, nevertheless, a silly one, for I believe it to be untrue. I am inclined to think that the House of Commons, as to-day constituted, is a very different assembly to what it was some years ago. Then it was composed chiefly of English county gentlemen of position and sporting proclivities. What are the majority of politicians to-day? Are they county gentlemen with large stakes in the country or much knowledge of sport, or are they mostly business, professional men, and Socialists, with fish of their own to fry? I cannot say what percentage of them are shooting men, but I think that, perhaps, fifty or even thirty years ago quite 90 per cent. were sportsmen. Therefore to jibe at the Unionists as a whole as being anxious to suspend the country's business merely for sport is as fatuous as it is obviously untrue. Even were it true, who could blame members for being anxious to get away and to breathe, literally and metaphorically, purer and more refined air than the vitiated atmosphere they have been sitting in for the past many months? Who would not rather find himself on the heathered hill-top, in a butt, with grouse streaming over free, from the vituperation of vulgar upstarts, or listening to the cries of renegades and traitors who are doing their utmost to kill the country which our fathers built up with such infinite care.

1912 Prospects

This year those of us who will be treading the heather on the Twelfth will find no lack of birds—birds that are well-grown and strong on the wing and free from disease. I don't care about talking of records as so many love to do, yet this year I am convinced will rank with the best, and sport should be of the highest order. Moors have let splendidly, at high prices, and in nearly every part of Scotland, England, and Wales birds nested early, hatched out well, and throve ever since. There will consequently be a tremendous number of people during the first week in August going north to join shooting-parties.

Concerning Powder

I am often asked which powder is the best. This is a difficult question to answer, though I myself use E.C., as I have always found it, after many years of trial, reliable and clean. Some men prefer one sort, and some another, for shooting men are full of fads. But a powder which is reliable and has strong penetration and does not injure barrels is what appeals to my fancy. Another question is as to the size of shot to use. In the early part of the season, light charges of powder and No. 6 shot are my loads. Some use No. 7, and there is no reason why they should not do so. Birds early in the season do not take the same stopping as they do later on, therefore there is no particular reason why a strong charge or large-sized shot should be banged into them. Later on I use 5½ shot and I load with only 1oz., but with thirty-five grains of powder. This makes a good pattern and a strong charge; the shot travels fast and rattles well into the tallest of birds. It would be a good thing if owners of big shoots would buy large quantities of cartridges at the beginning of the season. For one thing they come cheaper, and they can resell them to their guests at cost price. This would save guests having to bring up fearful loads of cartridges, or have the trouble of sending them in advance.

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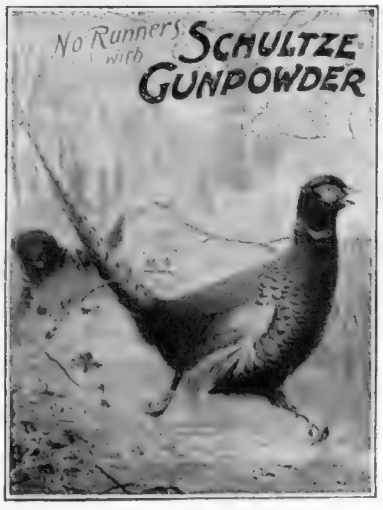

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A Graceful Wood Nymph

IN A SHADY NOOK

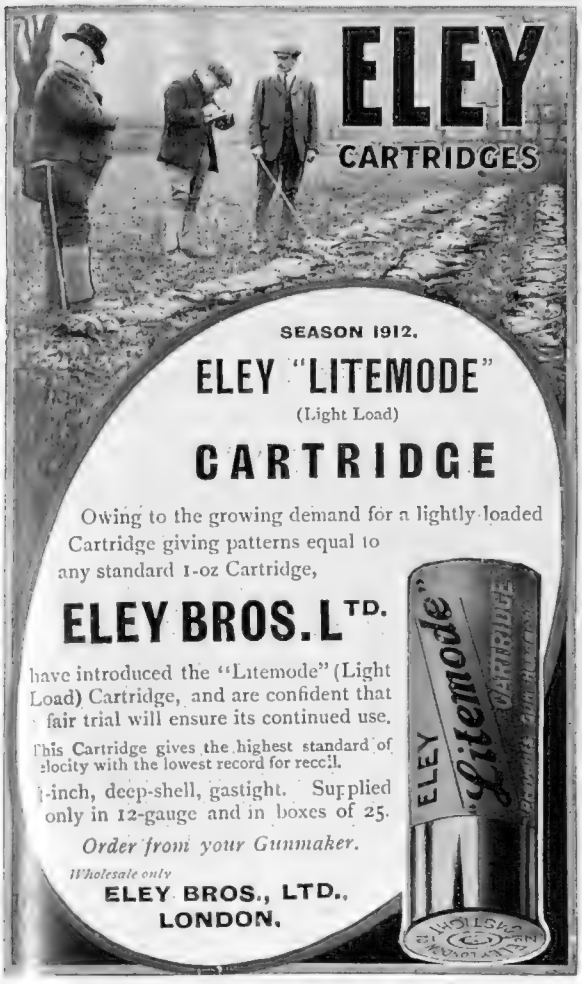
BY THE STREAM

A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS

THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER

Photographs *Clive Holland*

The desire for appropriate clothing is steadily gaining ground undeterred by the adverse criticisms of those who still desperately cling to the conventions of the Victorian era. The lady in the above photographs appears both cool and artistic, and for hot summer days the costume worn by her should have distinct advantages



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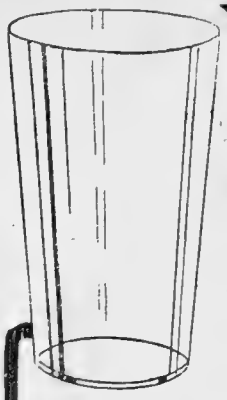

What ought you to put in a long glass on a hot day?

The answer's easy: A slice of lemon, a lump of ice and a bottle of clear, delicious—

"C & C"
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

"C. & C." cools, but never chills. It has the sparkle of champagne, but not the fire. Only the choicest of spice, only the purest of spring water—go to the making of it. There's good health as well as refreshment in every drop. Order in a dozen from your grocer, wine merchant, or stores—but be sure it's "C. & C."

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That Chafed Appearance

of the skin which so often follows a shave is as painful as it is disfiguring. It is sometimes the result of shaving too closely, using a razor that requires setting, or improper stropping; but more often it is that the skin requires a tonic. Whatever the cause it should be attended to immediately, as the following morning's shave over the still tender parts will only result in further discomfort and irritation.

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CHELTENHAM.

GOUTY ACHES AND PAINS.

How Uric Acid Gives Warning.

Are you one of those who feel the effects of wet or changeable weather by experiencing aches and pains all over your body? If you are, this article is especially intended for you, as it will show you the meaning of such pains.

You may be inclined to attach no great importance to the occurrence of these aches and pains. Whether they are the sharp pains which come and go quickly, and are very acute whilst they last, or whether they are the more bearable but more continuous dull aches, which are oftenest present when you have over-exerted yourself, or suffered some slight injury to joint or limb—whatever kind of pains they are you may be inclined to think that they are not serious.

If you take this view you will be falling into the error which is responsible for the occurrence of the great majority of serious gouty ailments, which are so common in this country. For, however unlikely it may seem to you, if you suffer from these pains you are a gouty subject, and your system has that dangerous tendency to form an excessive quantity of uric acid which is the cause of every kind of gouty suffering.

Serious Gouty Ailments

Neglect these warning pains, and it is only a matter of time ere you fall a victim to either an acute attack of gout, probably in some small joint, where the uric acid can accumulate easily; an attack of rheumatic gout in one or more of the larger joints, or of gouty rheumatism in the muscles; lumbago, with its persistent and intense pain in the loins; sciatica, which is a hot, stabbing pain extending from the thigh to the knee; neuritis, a similar pain affecting the arms; or in those severe maladies, stone and gravel, caused by uric acid concretions in the kidneys and bladder; or in gouty eczema, a serious disease of the skin.

The important question is: Will you heed these warning pains now, will you accept them for what they are—indications of the growing goutiness of your system—and will you take the step which not only will rid you of the pains but remove the menace of a gouty future? Will you do this, or will you continue to keep straight on towards a serious gouty malady?

How to Drive Out Uric Acid

If you wish to take the sensible course, start at once with the one treatment that can possibly eliminate the uric acid from your system, which can remove the cause of these shooting pains and dull aches, and which can also protect you against the development of severe gouty complaints. The remedy which is capable of affording you this relief and protection is Bishop's Varalettes.

If you take Bishop's Varalettes occasionally whilst the gouty habit of the system is still in its infancy you will derive immediate benefit, as well as ensure future immunity from gout. Bishop's Varalettes will keep you free of all pains, and will also relieve those attacks of acidity, heartburn, flatulence, sluggish liver, and other dyspeptic symptoms from which you probably suffer now and again. The other gouty signs, too, which are often in evidence, and which demand the employment of Bishop's Varalettes, such as irritation and burning of the skin, slight stiffness or inflammation in muscles and joints, and the formation of small lumps on the eyelids, the outer rims of the ears, around the joints, all disappear under the action of Bishop's Varalettes.

If you are already a victim to some serious gouty ailment, Bishop's Varalettes are the one remedy you require, because, no matter what kind of gout it may be that troubles you, it is caused by uric acid, and the complete removal of uric acid as affected by Bishop's Varalettes is the only way to secure relief from all the pain, swellings, inflammation, stiffness, and other suffering which attend goutiness.

Daily Diet for the Gouty

If you are a gouty subject it will be to your advantage to read the little book on uric acid ills which is issued by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes, because many facts of the greatest practical value to all who have the gouty tendency are contained therein. A guide to the selection of an authoritative anti-gout dietary is included, and there is also a list of the food and drinks which must be avoided. This booklet also fully explains how gout may be overcome by the rational process of elimination exercised by Bishop's Varalettes. It convinces you that Bishop's Varalettes are a thoroughly efficient uric acid solvent and eliminant, which can remove uric acid and relieve its consequent ills. This valuable little book may be had post free from the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 48, Spelman St., London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet V.

Bishop's Varalettes may be had of all chemists, 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment); or from the makers.

A New Classic

A generation has passed since those classics of golfing literature appeared, "Golf: A Royal and Ancient Game," by Robert Clark; "The Art of Golf," by Sir Walter Simpson; and the Badminton "Golf," by Horace Hutchinson, to which the lamented Andrew Lang contributed a delightful historical chapter. The time was ripe for a successor to those landmarks in the annals of golf, for since the last-named appeared a vast deal of modern golfing history has been accumulating. Two able historians have been found in the persons of Mr. Harold Hilton and Mr. Garden Smith. The result of their labours has just appeared in the shape of an extremely handsome volume ("The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf," published by the London and Counties Press Association, Ltd.), containing contributions from such able coadjutors as Mr. John Low, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Croome, Mr. Darwin, and others, each writer treating of a subject of which he is master. A pathetic interest attaches to a charming "Ode to Golf" by Mr. Andrew Lang, as its appearance practically coincides with that graceful and many-sided writer's sudden death.

The Game and Its History

In the space at my command it is impossible to deal adequately or exhaustively with the many merits of this important volume. But I can briefly indicate the main lines on which it has been written. Mr. Smith deals with the origin and history of the game, tracing it from its earliest sources, collating it with the various old Continental games, such as "chole," "jeu de mail," and "het kolven," which bear any resemblance to it, and proving to the satisfaction of any impartial person that golf is of purely Scottish descent and invention. To those who are not so much concerned with the early history of the game there is ample matter provided, both theoretical and practical, by Mr. Hilton, who goes most thoroughly into all the aspects of golf in the last twenty years. I need hardly say that Mr. Hilton's chapter is full of wise counsel and instruction for the expert, amateur, and professional. Mr. Low gives us one of his characteristic dissertations, half-humorous, half-philosophic, on the proper mood in which mere man should approach that sacred entity the game.

Famous Pictures

A special word of praise must be given to the beautiful reproductions in colours of three famous pictures. The frontispiece is the well-known portrait of William Innes, the Blackheath field-marshal, by Lemuel Abbott; another is the noble portrait of John Taylor by Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir John Watson Gordon, which hangs in the Honourable Company's clubhouse at Muirfield; the third is Cuyp's "Young Dutch Lady Golfer." No golf club library or golfing bibliophile's collection will be complete without this latest addition to the literature of the game.

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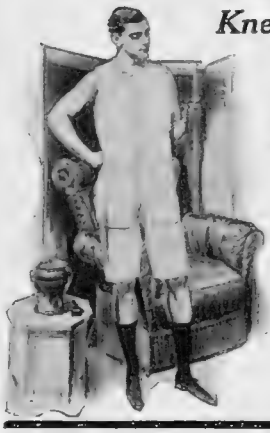

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RACING: Goodwood and After. BY CARBINE

Two Sides of Goodwood

Some of the best racing I ever remember was seen at Goodwood last week, and we saw every side of this famous meeting, which can either be the most delightful gathering of all the racing year or else the most uncomfortable. On the second day the weather for the greater part of the afternoon was absolutely villainous. Trundle Hill was enveloped in a rain-mist, and anybody who had ventured out with the idea of making picnic was sincerely to be pitied. Fortunately, the conditions improved as the afternoon progressed, but we remember that wretched hour or two as an example of what is worst at Goodwood.

Thrilling Racing

As to the racing, we had many genuine thrills during the week. I cannot say that anyone was wildly excited over the Stewards' Cup, because Golden Rod achieved his second victory in a canter. Much more exhilarating was the finish for the King George Stakes on the following day, when Golden Rod was brought out for the second time, and had to take on Spanish Prince at level weights. According to the original handicap for the Stewards' Cup, Golden Rod did not have much chance of beating Mr. Joel's champion, but the former is apparently a much greater sprinter than most people had believed him to be, and after one of the grandest races of the week he won by a head. Further excitement was given to the race by the fact that Golden Rod made a grab at his antagonist's neck as they raced home side by side, but I do not think he touched him with his teeth, and the subsequent objection was overruled. Another stirring incident at the meeting was the magnificent race between Shogun and Golden Sun, in which Mr. E. Hulton's colt clinched his title to be considered the best two-year-old of the season so far as we can tell at present. It is quite clear that Shogun stays, and Mr. Hulton is again justified in looking forward with some hope of winning the Derby of 1913.

Selections

This week is the second half of the pleasant Sussex fortnight in the racing world. It is the beginning of rather a quiet time, many of the folk we usually meet when racing now taking the chance of snatching a few weeks' holiday on the moors, or yachting or by the seashore. We all hope to meet again on the Town Moor at Doncaster. Meanwhile a few selections may be ventured upon. I am rather handicapped by having to write some time ahead owing to the necessity of getting early to press during this holiday week. On Wednesday at Brighton I recommend **Cressbrook** for the Rottingdean Plate, and I regard **Phrosine** as the likely winner of the Cliftonville Plate on the following day. The **Noonday** colt may take the Astley Stakes at Lewes on Friday, while on the same afternoon **Rockfast** seems much the best thing for the Gerard Plate at Haydock Park, and **Jack Saw** is my selection for the Haydock Three-Year-Old Plate on the following day.

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Photograph *C. Chichester*

MOTORING IN CEYLON: A BREAKDOWN ON THE ROAD TO KANDY

Tinkering up the engine, aided by a native engineer from a neighbouring tea factory

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Burning Question Again

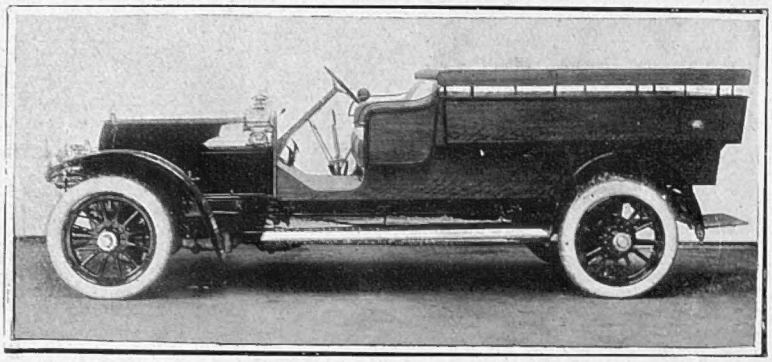
"Are your remarks" (in the last issue of THE BYSTANDER) "seriously intended to suggest that the motorists of this country, acting together, could not force a reduction in the price of petrol to a figure more closely approximating to a fair profit on cost of production?" My friend takes me very well. I intend seriously to suggest that unless the motorists of England can control a source of supply and a means of distribution they cannot affect present prices at all. And I greatly fear that even if they controlled a supply of their own they would have the mortification of being frozen out of their own market by the competition of what I repeat is one of the most powerful organisations in the world, an organisation that could easily afford to lose several times the amount of capital which the motorists might be prepared to invest in an oil-field and its productive and distributive plant. It would lose it quite cheerfully in order to recapture complete control of the market and then proceed to get it all back again. I do not know what sources of supply are open to purchase by a society of motoring consumers. I think even if they were a large and fairly formidable body they might discover some difficulties in the way of such a purchase and some more difficulties in the way of working it satisfactorily. Shortly, I do not see any final way out of the present position apart from national action; and we do not like national action in matters of this sort.

Paraffin versus Petrol

Again, I am asked, What of paraffin? A carburettor equal to breaking-up paraffin is quite possible, and a pint of paraffin properly atomised and mixed is fully the equal of a pint of petrol, costs one half the price of petrol to produce from the crude product of the well, and can be distributed infinitely cheaper. Moreover, it is not taxed. All very true, *but*——. First wipe out the tax. A tax can be put upon paraffin used for motor vehicles quite as easily as upon petrol, and, doubtless, would be if the revenue from the petrol tax fell off appreciably. We have a Road Board now to keep in funds. For the rest it is a question of the ownership of the source of supply and the means of distribution. You are up against the same people. "But surely the small cost of production will count in the retail price, and prevent that price rising to the present height of petrol, which costs so much more to put upon the market?" Yes, friend critic, that would be very true under competitive conditions. They make the factor which keeps prices in fairly constant relation to cost of production and distribution. But it is admitted—*you* have admitted it—that the competitive factor is practically non-existent. You have, therefore, only one preventative against prices rising to any height—the purchasing power of the market. Only that can keep prices down. They cannot rise to £5 per gallon simply because the market could not stand it, and as it is very much a necessity there would be such a hub-bub that the nation would *have* to take action. The wisdom of the organisation controlling supplies is to get the most it can out of its market with the least possible bother. Perhaps the price of paraffin, if it came into general use for motor vehicles, would not rise to the present price of petrol. I do not know. But there is no reason why it cannot—unless the competitive factor be introduced.

A New Outcry

The most recent outcry against the motor vehicle, the motor-'bus particularly, has one element of novelty in it. Comparison of metropolitan fatalities caused by mechanically propelled vehicles is not now made (I think this is the first time) with the record of the horse-drawn vehicle. This is quaint, but quite comprehensible. Per mile of running the horse-hauled vehicle has a record as an accident accelerator that leaves the motor vehicle standing. Reference to it has to be made by the few anti-motorists who are still left among us with painful circumspection. Therefore, we have the comparison of the tram and the motor-'bus, from which we are instructed that Saul the tram has only slain its thousands whereas David the motor-'bus is red with the blood of tens of thousands—almost.



A SHOOTING-BRAKE BODY, DESIGNED BY MESSRS. MORGAN AND CO., LTD., OF OLD BOND STREET

Tram versus 'Bus

It does not seem to have occurred to the anti-motor-'bus party that the tram, by occupying the centre of the road and pushing everything else close into the side walk where the pedestrians do most congregate, is probably primarily responsible for a goodly share of the accidents attributed to the motor-'bus. I am not an anti-tram propagandist, but as one who drives along tram-ridden roads to a considerable extent I am forced to admit that this immobile vehicle is a potential catastrophe brewer. I have not personally collided with anybody so far, but I have missed several people by a miracle, and have used divers language concerning the road-blocking qualities of trams and the manner in which their passengers wander about in the middle of the road in getting on or off; and I have returned home offering thanks that I came through hair-raising adventure in traffic threading unscathed. I do not think, therefore, that it will be very difficult to deal with this latest method of criticism.

In Compression

The climbing of Snowdon on a motor-bicycle has been achieved by Mr. L. H. Spencer, of Uxbridge, whose mount was a 3½ h.p. Rover, fitted with Sturmey Archer three-speed gear.

The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their meeting held on July 12, decided to pay an interim dividend on the whole of the company's shares for the half year ended April 30 last at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

The Talbot in South Africa continues to score. It doesn't seem to mind the character of the test, but its special line is reliability and economy. And as if to eliminate all possibility of other competitors sharing the spoils, it has acquired the habit of getting a minimum of two home in the first four, and not infrequently clears the whole "place" board. The latest is the petrol-consumption trials of the Transvaal Automobile Club over a 72-mile course of roads rough as South African roads generally are, but made more heavy and difficult by the rains. There were two events—the Traders' Cup and the Club Cup. In the former Mr. W. J. Ellis, on a Talbot 3,200lb. in weight, won with 27½ miles to the gallon. Another Talbot was second, and a third fourth. The Club Cup went to Mr. Saker, on a Talbot again (weight 3,550lb.), who did 28½ miles to the gallon—a particularly notable result in view of the fact that the car only came out of its case a couple of days before, and had, therefore, no chance of getting "run in." Which is only another tribute to the well-tuned condition to which Talbots are brought before they are allowed to leave the factory.

If this should meet the eye of any gentleman engaged in the business of motoring or aviation, or any brother writer on the subject, and if any such be interested in the pastime of golfing, I am to inform him that an Automobile Golfing Society exists for his particular pleasure, and that Mr. Hamilton Hobson, he of the Delahaye, would rejoice to hear from him. The which intimation I convey with much readiness, and leave it thus in the knowledge that I have rendered the potential member good service.

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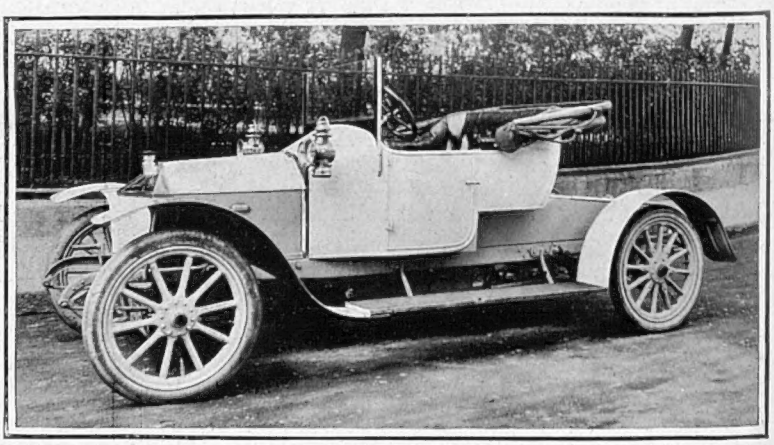

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